

The Listener

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They bear down hard, in dauntlessness
Of mood, upon the creaking press.
They do not fear the printing's roar,
Nor inked balls which toward them soar.
The ink-dispensing constant thumping
Of ball on ball provides the drumming.
Though now and then a soldier fall,
The loss is relatively small.
The letter-mother breed apace,
The old with new ones they replace.
Thus Learning conquers with its legions,
Barbarian hordes from murky regions.

O wise and learned BALTHASA
Who, like a gladsome morning-star,
Illumes the world by 's printing

The genius hers, her guard its
To printers all a sacred

Of black impress on paper's whiteness,
Sing the print-song to your name.

The first from trees to cut a letter,
The sacred groves have done no better.

O printing art! no prize too grand
For ease bestowed. The tired hand
Gave thanks when you augmented it;

That printing art.

Field of 's print shop go
ing type-men, row on row,
rides as leader at his post
Into the midst of 's lever-host,

'Tis just; hence out with Fust typesetter
And Gutenberg's lumbered letter.
It must be done, by word of mouth,
Proposure to son, from

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The Listener

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Are We Exporting Too Much?

By HARRY JOHNSON

A FEW weeks ago the Bank rate was increased from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—the highest level Bank rate has reached since 1932. One reason for the increase in Bank rate was that our balance of payments has been deteriorating, and we have been losing gold reserves. A significant factor in this deterioration—though not the only one—has been an adverse movement of our terms of trade. During recent months the average price at which we sell our exports has been relatively stable; but the average price we pay for our imports has been rising.

The increase in Bank rate is designed to remedy our worsening balance-of-payments position, and check the loss of our gold reserves. One of its aims is to curb the boom we have been enjoying during the past two years, reduce home demand for our output, and so encourage our export industries to increase their sales in foreign markets. As the Chancellor has put it, 'The Government's duty is to maintain a balance in the home economy, to see that its demands do not conflict with the need for exports'. The Government's present policy, in short, is that we are exporting too little to pay for our imports, therefore we must export more.

In adopting this view of the problem the Government is merely following the general line of economic policy pursued by successive governments since the war. Except at times of acute crisis, as in 1947, 1949, and 1951, our economic policy has been aimed at expanding our international trade, at increasing our exports so as to enable us to buy more imports. The emphasis has been on the need for more exports, rather than for fewer imports.

But is this the right emphasis? Should we always be seeking to increase our exports, or should we on the contrary be trying to reduce our imports? Are we really exporting too little, or are we perhaps exporting too much? There are, in my view, good economic reasons for believing that we are in fact exporting too much rather than too little, and that as a nation we should gain by doing less trade rather than more. These reasons are of two kinds: they can be described as the

terms-of-trade argument and the long-run-prospects argument. But before I enlarge on them I must say something about the general principles which should govern all discussion of the ideal level of international trade, because general principles tend to be forgotten under the pressure of short-run difficulties, and replaced by misleading catch-phrases.

Basically, in an economy which has agreed to maintain full employment and is anxious to raise its standard of living, the purpose of international trade should be neither to export as much as possible nor to import as much as possible, but to make the best possible use of the nation's productive resources. We have two alternative means of satisfying our wants—producing what we want ourselves, and producing something else to be exchanged with other countries for things which they produce and we want—and we should distribute our resources between production for our own use and production for export in such a way that no shift of resources from one line of production to another could make us better off. To put the point another way, it is worth increasing our exports only so long as the extra imports we obtain in exchange are worth more to us than the extra exports they cost, or than the goods we could produce for ourselves in place of those extra exports.

This brings me to the first argument for believing that we may be exporting too much: the terms-of-trade argument. The terms of trade represent the average cost of our imports, measured in terms of the exports required to pay for them, or the average return we obtain for our exports, measured in terms of the imports they will buy, depending on how you look at it.

Given the economic situation abroad, the larger the volume of our exports and imports, the more unfavourable our terms of trade are likely to be. This is so for two reasons. In the first place, because this country is a major exporter of specialised kinds of manufactured goods, we are unlikely to be able to increase our sales abroad substantially without reducing the prices we charge for our exports. Secondly,

because this country is one of the largest purchasers of many foodstuffs and raw materials—for example, we buy about twenty per cent. of world wheat exports—an increase in our imports is likely to increase the price we have to pay. On both sides of our foreign trade, we are a large enough element in the world market for the amount of trade we do to influence world prices; consequently our terms of trade depend upon the volume of our trade.

The fact that the terms of trade will tend to be more unfavourable the larger the volume of trade is, I think, indisputable—though it is often ignored in official pronouncements, some of which give the impression that the terms of trade are unpredictable acts of God. What bearing does it have on the question of whether we are exporting too little or too much? One obvious deduction is that if, as at present, our balance of payments is adverse, and we seek to improve it by expanding our exports, we shall have to turn the terms of trade against ourselves; whereas if we seek to improve the balance by reducing our imports, we shall to some extent turn the terms of trade in our favour. This is not a conclusive argument for reducing imports, rather than expanding exports, in all circumstances. In some circumstances—say immediately after a war—imports may be so low that it would be worth while to obtain money even at the cost of a severe adverse change in the terms of trade. But it does mean that, in considering the relative merits of balancing our accounts at a larger as against a smaller total trade, a proper allowance must be made for the difference in the terms of trade in the two situations, and the effects of this difference on the amount of exports required to pay for our imports.

Cost of Extra Imports

What sort of allowance needs to be made for the difference in the terms of trade? Here we get to the heart of the terms of trade argument. Because an increase in the volume of trade turns the terms of trade against us, when we import more we must export more, not only to pay for the extra imports themselves but also to pay the higher cost of our previous volume of imports which results from the adverse movement of the terms of trade. The cost of extra imports, in terms of exports, is made up of two elements—the cost of the extra imports themselves, and the increase in the cost of former volume of imports.

Both of these elements in the cost of extra imports need to be taken into account, in deciding whether or not it is worth while to increase the volume of our trade. But only the first of them will be taken fully into account in the calculations of exporters and importers, when they are deciding how much it is profitable to export or import, because in most cases they are in competition with each other and have to take market conditions as they come. They are unaware of, or unable to do anything about, the effects of the operations of all of them together on the terms of trade. In competitive trade, the second element in the cost of additional imports to the country will tend to be neglected; and consequently unrestricted competitive trade will result in a larger total volume of trade than is in the national interest. To make the most of our national resources, some degree of limitation of our trade is necessary, in order to compensate for the fact that part of the cost of extra imports is excluded from the calculations of individual traders.

Does this argument lead to the conclusion that our present volume of international trade is too large, and that we should gain by reducing it? Not directly; because our present trade is already subject to a significant degree of restriction, not merely through direct controls over imports but also indirectly, through the fact that consumers' choices are influenced in favour of home-produced goods through subsidies on import-substitutes, notably agricultural products, and by specially heavy taxes on many goods which are largely imported. The question is whether the present degree of restriction is too small.

The question can be put this way: the fact that our trade is already restricted means that additional imports would be worth more to us than their present average cost. On the other hand, additional imports would cost the country more to obtain than the present average cost, because to sell the exports necessary to pay for them we should have to turn the terms of trade against us. Would the additional imports be worth the cost?

This depends largely on how much we should have to turn our terms of trade against us in order to expand our exports: the greater the adverse movement of the terms of trade, the greater the cost, in terms of exports, of an increase in our imports. My own view, based on observation of the difficulties we have had in expanding our exports in recent years, is that expansion of our exports does have a significant effect in worsening our terms of trade, and that the cost of additional

imports to the country is more than the additional imports are worth. I believe that our volume of trade is too great rather than too small, and we should gain by reducing our imports and retaining some of the things we now export, or producing other things for ourselves instead.

Admittedly no one can be certain of his judgement on such a complex problem, but this conclusion does derive some support from a recent published calculation by my colleague, Mr. R. L. Marris. Working from the historical relation between our exports and our terms of trade over the past thirty years, he has estimated that recently it has been cost us an extra £3 worth of exports to acquire an extra £1 worth of imports when the terms of trade effect is allowed for. How far such estimates from historical data are reliable guides for current policy is a debatable question; but if Mr. Marris' calculations are accepted, most people would agree that, at our present level of trade, £3 worth of exported goods are worth considerably more to us than £1 worth of imported goods, and that we could reduce our imports a long way before this would cease to be true. Incidentally, Mr. Marris' calculations show that the recent adverse movement of the terms of trade, which some people have ascribed simply to unexpected bad luck, could have been predicted from the level of our exports.

I have dealt at length with the terms-of-trade argument for the view that we are exporting too much, because it is a complicated argument and one that can easily be misunderstood. The simple slogan 'we must improve our terms of trade' can be as misleading in its way as the more popular slogan 'we must increase our exports'; neither of them stresses the fundamental aim of making the best use of our national resources.

The other argument which leads to the conclusion that we are exporting too much can be presented more briefly—though this does not mean that I regard it as less cogent. In essence, my view is that long-run trends in world economic development are making it increasingly advantageous for us to become more self-sufficient, and that we would be well advised to swim with the tide rather than attempt to battle against it.

A great deal of the urge to increase our international trade which dominated our policy since the war seems to me to be motivated by the idea that we ought to, or must, re-establish our traditional position as a large-scale exporter of manufactures and importer of food and raw materials. But there is nothing economically absolute about our traditional heavy dependence on international trade. It came about because this country had a head start over other countries in the development of manufacturing skill and the accumulation of capital, and it was more profitable to obtain our food and raw materials by importing manufactures than by home production; our traditional position was appropriate to a particular stage of world economic development. But that stage was a temporary one: other countries have been acquiring the skills and capital equipment needed for manufacturing production, and indeed we have been assisting and encouraging them to do so. As a result, there is less and less to be said—economically speaking—for the extreme concentration on international trade which was achieved in the nineteenth century.

Moving Towards Greater Self-Sufficiency

The long-run trend of world development, in other words, indicates that we should be moving in the direction of greater self-sufficiency away from rather than towards our traditional position. We have already moved, or been pushed, in that direction: imports in 1953 represented only 26 per cent. of national income, as contrasted with 33 per cent. in 1880. We shall have to go further in that direction; the question is whether we start now, or wait to be pushed still further. We should continue to resist the trend; but is it not rather wasteful to devote much effort to forcing an expansion of exports which must sooner or later be reversed? Should we not be better off if we sought to adjust our trade and our economic structure to the conditions of the future rather than the past?

To summarise the argument I have been presenting: I believe we are exporting too much, both from the standpoint of making the best current use of our national productive resources and from the standpoint of our long-run economic prospects. What should be done about it? To begin with, we need to adopt and apply a more realistic attitude towards our international trade. We have been too much inclined to govern our trade policy—and our general economic policy—by the current state of our balance of payments, on the uncritical assumption that more trade is always a good thing. We should, instead, regard our short-run problems as short-run problems, and subordinating

them to a trade policy based on long-run national interests. Such a policy would, I have argued, imply a reduction rather than an increase in the level of our exports and imports. On the one hand, it would require that productive resources be diverted away from those lines of export production where our competitive efficiency is relatively low and the import-content of production is relatively high—cotton textiles are probably the clearest example of the type of export we should dispense with. On the other hand, productive resources should be diverted towards the production of import-substitutes: home-produced food and synthetic materials are obvious examples.

When it comes to the details of how such a policy is to be implemented, a number of difficulties arise. The most important is that we have pledged ourselves to liberal trading policies, which preclude many of the means we might use to reduce our international trade: in particular, we are preparing to give up the use of quantitative import controls, which could be used to protect a long-run policy of import-substitution from interruptions by temporary fluctuations in world prices. Unfortunately, if we break our commitments now, retaliatory measures by other countries might make us worse off than we should be under present arrangements. But we can at least try to make sure

that we make no further commitments unless the concessions we obtain in exchange give us a good margin of benefit.

In spite of these commitments, some ways of reducing our international trade are still open to us. One is to avoid policies which slow down the decline of our weaker exporting industries, or which provide special incentives for exporting rather than selling in the home market. Another is to increase subsidies to domestic agriculture—the cost of extra home-produced food is probably considerably below the value of the exports it would save. Perhaps the most promising method lies in the conscious promotion of our economic development in an import-saving direction. Rapid exploitation of atomic energy, in particular, could do much to reduce our dependence on international trade—the overall effect on our economic structure would make us much more self-sufficient, despite the cost of the imported fuel.

This brings me to my final point. I have been arguing in terms of our present volume of trade, and putting the case for reducing our exports and imports. In the long run, as our economy expands, we shall naturally want to do more trade; what I am suggesting is that we should reduce the amount of our trade relative to the size of our economy.—*Third Programme*

Will Partnership Pay?

ROSALIND ROWSELL on the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

LATE in 1953 three separate territories in central Africa, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, together with Nyasaland Protectorate, were welded into one great Federation. This covers an area the size of almost the whole of northern Europe, but its entire population is only 7,000,000 (rather less than that of Greater London). Of these only 226,000 are European. Two-thirds of this European population are in the earlier-settled Southern Rhodesia, and nearly all of them went there with the intention of making permanent homes.

There is one drawback about the geographical position of the Federation. It has no outlet on the sea. It is surrounded by territories colonised by different European powers, each with its own policy and language. There is the Belgian Congo to the north-west, Portuguese Mozambique and Angola to the east and west, while the Union of South Africa—where Afrikaans is very widely spoken today—takes up our southernmost border. Apart from these very obvious differences in European background, the Africans themselves vary tremendously, both in type and in language.

When the suggestion of a union between the two



Cecil Rhodes, with Mr. Steen, Mr. Colenbrander, and Dr. Sauer, making peace with the revolted Matabele at a meeting in the Matoppos Hills, Southern Rhodesia, in 1896



Class in a mission school near Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia

Rhodesia and Nyasaland was first mooted there was the inevitable outcry from those white settlers to whom something new is automatically something bad. They had forgotten, most conveniently, that others had raised similar objections in 1923 when Southern Rhodesia was asking for responsible government. Some did not want any change, some wanted amalgamation rather than federation, while others thought it possible that they might be granted Dominion status immediately. They were told that, with the differing native policies and other territorial objections, the idea of amalgamation—which would mean complete integration—was out of the question. It was federation or nothing. As the world knows, the majority plumped for federation, with its three individual states.

With a Governor-General for the Federation, three Territorial Governors, a Federal Parliament with its attendant Civil Service, as well as the three Territorial Governments with their individual civil servants, the present economic structure is somewhat clumsy and costly. But, in the hope that eventually they might be granted Dominion status, Rhodesians grasped what was offered to them with the determination to prove that it could be made to work.

Admittedly, the people of Southern Rhodesia had a certain amount of reason for their objections because they had—on the immediate face

of it—more prestige to lose and less to gain. They, who had been self-governing for so many years, were to throw in their lot with two predominantly African protectorates whose policy was dictated from Whitehall by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. This, said the dissenters, would inevitably mean that the black population would be forced ahead at the expense of the white. Those in favour felt that it would be far more sensible to admit the African's right to advance and to teach him the principles of true democracy than to try to hold him back and probably face a violent reaction later.

The White Paper

A White Paper, containing the suggested Constitution and policy of partnership between white and black and Asiatic, was published. This was known throughout the territories concerned as 'the White Paper'. The battle waged before the referendum was a bitter one. Friends of years became enemies overnight. The situation was not aided by the fact that there were, in certain areas, large blocs of Africans as fanatically against these proposals as were the antagonistic whites. Again, it was a question of something new being viewed with grave doubt.

The fact is, of course, that it is always the trouble maker in any country who creates the most noise. Any central African leader who makes a remark like 'I have 20,000 followers' may be suspected of taking a chance on his facts. Those who know Africa well realise that, out of the 20,000 in this leader's area, only about 100 can really be counted as followers; possibly another 900 have a vague idea what it is all about; while the remaining 19,000 are much too primitive and too busy with their cattle and crops to bother with politics at all. Those who have never been to Africa and who judge all coloured peoples by the more advanced ones seen in Britain can have little conception of the still primitive African to be found in central Africa. Remember that, with the exception of a few and sparsely settled missionaries, these people had never seen a white man until sixty-five years ago. It was then that a pioneer column, organised by Cecil Rhodes, cut their weary but determined way through scrub and high grass, to stand triumphantly at the top of Providential Pass—just outside what is today the town of Fort Victoria. Remember, too, that this gallant band was a self-contained unit, moving northwards with the intention of settling there. There were administrators and artisans, doctors and lawyers, soldiers and policemen. Some of them died, some carried on, and it was by dint of determined administration and patience that these pioneers made the then murderous Matabele—a branch of the warlike Zulu—give up their yearly pastime of killing the peaceful and pastoral Mashona and driving away their women and cattle.

These early settlers brought eventual internal peace to a country which had, for years, suffered from inter-tribal wars; and it is therefore entirely owing to them and their children that the modern and go-ahead piece of Africa, which is now the Federal State, exists at all. It is now as much *their* country as that of the Bantu who moved in only a little over 100 years before the European, and they want to live there in peace.

The great problem now is how to secure a sound relationship between different races of very different origins and to enable them to live side by side in harmony. That is why our policy of partnership came into being. We do not believe, like the Nationalists in South Africa, that *apartheid* is a satisfactory way of approaching the racial problem. In the Federation there is no legal discrimination against Africans. That does not mean that there is, in practice, no barrier today between the races, for the Africans are as keen on preserving their way of life as the Europeans are theirs.

Few people realise how much is being done for the African in central Africa today, and how much of the money used to achieve this purpose comes out of the European's pocket. Few Africans pay anything in taxes above their yearly hut tax of £1. There are certainly a number now who should come into the income-tax group but, as almost all their transactions are in cash and their methods of accountancy almost nil, the cost to the exchequer for the collection of their income tax would be prohibitive. An African will go to a car-dealer and buy a modern luxury car and pay for it in cash—usually £5 and £1 notes! But he has little sense of responsibility with regard to improvements, education, and buildings. The attitude is that all Europeans are rich, so let them do it—and the Europeans do, in taxation.

There are now many excellent schools, built on the most modern lines. It is necessary at present to provide separate schools for the Africans, because although potentially they have as good minds as Europeans they start from a lower cultural level. As well as fine hospitals in the cities there are African clinics in nearly every country

village, which are run by African orderlies and nurses in a most efficient manner. European doctors visit these once or twice a week, or more often in cases of emergency. Native headmen are taught the main principles of good husbandry and modern farming methods. When they are proficient as 'Master Farmers' they are sent back to their reserves to teach their less enlightened tribal brothers how to conserve the soil and prevent the terrible erosion that covers so much of Africa today. For those who show real academic prowess when reaching standard three there are secondary schools and, for others, trade schools. We cannot do everything at once and finance is always the bugbear of any developing country. However, it is good to learn that Queen Elizabeth has granted the Royal Charter to the university in Salisbury and that this is, at long last, in process of erection. The decision that it should be a multi-racial university has appeared to our reactionaries as one more nail in our coffin. But it is proper that it should embody the wish of our founder, Cecil Rhodes, of 'equal rights for all civilised men', and that this should not be interpreted as 'equal rights for all white men'.

I think my cook coined a magnificent word when he returned from a holiday with his own tribe in Nyasaland. There he had been treated to a garbled account of the horrors which awaited him back in Salisbury if federation with Southern Rhodesia took place—so he asked me to explain the meaning of this word 'founderation'. To me it had been 'founderation' ever since: an achievement of which our founder would justly have been proud.

Industry is growing rapidly in the Federation today, particularly in Southern Rhodesia where there is now a vast number of factories and secondary industries. Africans undertake all the unskilled labour and much of the semi-skilled work, but European craftsmen are needed more than ever before, to take over the skilled and technical jobs. Factories seem to go up overnight—a grand sign of confidence in our future. The inevitable cry of 'equal pay' goes up periodically. But it should be realised that, although circumstances may be different with coloured people in other parts of the world, at the present time there are comparatively few central Africans who could compete with Europeans on equal terms. It is undeniable that one may do a job as well as a European but it is probable that he will take a longer time to do it. And the fear of the white workman is that the African, with his much lower standard of living, will happily accept far less pay and thus undermine the European's position. One of the biggest copper-mining companies in Northern Rhodesia has, therefore, put forward the proposal that if an African worker can do a job as well and as quickly as a European he will have the same chance of getting it, and be entitled to the same rate of pay. If, however, it takes two Africans to do that job, the wage shall be divided between them—and so on, in proportion. If this is accepted by the trades unions I have no doubt that it will become general practice.

Teething Stages in Parliament

The Federal Parliament, with its inter-racial membership, is still going through teething stages. It will probably be some years before the African members stop regarding everything the European members suggest with suspicion. To quote Peter Abrahams, one of the most brilliant of coloured writers today:

The de-tribalised educated African is, generally, preoccupied with politics and will make a political issue out of almost anything.

He could have added with advantage that the African will also make a racial issue out of almost anything. This is evident in the behaviour of four of the African Members who are on their feet as often—as for as long—as possible during every debate. They speak well, but always seem on the defensive and ready to bring race differences in every discussion. They usually vote *en bloc* as a racial gesture. The other two behave very differently. They join in a debate only when they have something of importance to add to it, and each votes individually as he thinks fit. I hope that, with experience, the others will come to do the same.

We have a long way to go yet but we, in the Federation, believe sincerely that we are attacking the root of the misunderstanding between races by applying the principles of true democracy. We are surrounded by countries all approaching the problem in different ways but it is the same problem and, although our methods may appear to be different, our aims are identical. It will be interesting to see how the various methods of dealing with the problem work out. We believe that a good life for all can be achieved by partnership. We can only 'wait and see', and have faith in our 'founderation'.—Home Service

The French Union in a Changing Africa

By PAUL MARC HENRY

THE transition from 'Empire' into 'Commonwealth' has been accepted by Britain without great difficulty, and if there have been differences of opinion they were about administrative details rather than about the objective itself—the objective of 'self-government for each part and indissolubility for the whole'—as a well-known newspaper described it. But there is a general feeling in Britain that the French, faced with similar problems, and in neighbouring parts of Asia and Africa, have different ideas—that they emphasise the 'indissolubility' and soft pedal the 'self-government'.

A Question of Vocabulary

One of our present difficulties in understanding each other on these questions arises from vocabulary. To British eyes, reading the words in the light of British ideas, the term 'French Union' means roughly 'French Commonwealth' and implies the British ideas of decentralisation and local autonomy. The average French public, on the other hand, thinks that Commonwealth is just a new word to cover the much-admired British Empire, which, they believe, is cleverly controlled from one centre—somewhere in Whitehall.

We could try to clear the misunderstanding by describing the facts. In Indo-China, the solution finally adopted is, in fact, almost indistinguishable from the British settlement with India. It is in Africa, however—where France is responsible for the progress of nearly 20,000,000 inhabitants in French North Africa and 30,000,000 in black Africa—that the formula of the French Union is being put to a far-reaching test now, and the result of it will be of immense importance not only to France but to the whole western world.

The French Union in this part of the world is not simply a loose collection of territories of undetermined political status. There are the two protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco, which have their special status in relation to France. But Algeria, French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa, and Madagascar are integral parts of the French Republic. Though they keep their own customs and civil law, the inhabitants of these regions are French citizens and their representatives sit in the National Assembly of the French Republic in Paris. Moslem Algerians, black Africans, and Malagash are present at the Palais Bourbon and can give a casting vote in matters which may affect the future of France. This is not a situation peculiar to France. The formula of 'political assimilation' is found in other parts—it has even been suggested in Great Britain in her relation with Malta.

'Political assimilation' is implied in the formula of the French Republic and 'political association' implied in the formula of the French Union. This means that in due course, there shall be equality in rights and in sacrifices between the metropolitan country and the other parts of the Republic. It means that the Associated States, like Laos, Cambodia, and Viet-Nam have a say in the general conduct of the affairs of the Union. Within the framework of the Republic, the people of the territories elect their own local assemblies with wide powers in finance and local government, and so establish their local autonomy and provide for the indispensable adaptation of the general law to local conditions. Such is the present constitution as it was endorsed by the French citizens—including those living in Africa—in 1946.

What we have to find out now is whether or not this 1946 constitution is providing a workable channel for conditions today—for the general movement towards economic and political progress. Africa is awakening from a long lethargy in which she passively accepted outside influences, and this movement is as powerful in French Africa as in other parts of the continent. For France these questions about the constitution are not really academic questions: if only because more than 1,000,000 Europeans live in French North Africa, side by side with a rapidly increasing non-European population.

The development of French Africa has for many years been a joint undertaking. French enterprise and African hard work have created the cities along the shores and in the remotest parts of what used to be the bush: cities like Algiers, Casablanca, and Dakar, which are as busy as the biggest western town, and cities like Brazzaville which are

as charmingly provincial in character as a French provincial city. Africans, both black and white, fought side by side for the liberation of France. In France itself, more than 300,000 Algerians are working in complete social and political equality with their European fellow citizens; and those same European fellow-citizens in France are paying—through taxes—a yearly average of £100,000,000 for the social and economic development of their African fellow-citizens in Africa. Social and economic integration seems to be within reasonable reach, allowing for the usual financial and material obstacles.

Why is it, then, that in French Africa, as in British Africa, there is a spirit of impatience, even of dissatisfaction, in its relations with the metropolitan country? Africa is changing: she is conscious of having come, almost unwillingly, into a new era, where all former relationships have to be revised, and where the temptations of youth are oddly mixed up with memories of past grandeur. In a situation like this, constitutional outlets alone are not adequate, because the crisis is an emotional one. But, on the other hand, many of the solutions to it have to be expressed in political terms because the resentments are expressed in political terms. For instance, when the protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco ask for internal autonomy and political association, they are asking for the political consequences of that equality and free association which is implied in the French Union. Whatever its emotional source, it is a political claim and must be given a clear answer.

None of the various claims being made by the overseas territories and the Protected States of the French Union is based on a fundamental rejection of French policy but rather on an insistence that the principles in the constitution of the Union should be carried out. We are not faced so much with the failure of an inadequate policy as with the speeding up of the growth of political consciousness. And that is a natural—if somewhat premature—result of a liberal policy of education and of the absence of racial or religious discrimination.

Deep-seated Conflict and Natural Pride

The system has had to withstand stresses from a different source as well. In North Africa, France has found herself responsible for the fate of a population almost as large as the population of Egypt and which, from the days of the Roman Empire, has been—for good or evil—the crossroads of powerful civilisations. In every westernised North African—Tunisian, Algerian or Moroccan—you find a deep-seated conflict between the emotional and religious ties with the east and the modern, and no less vital, links with Europe, and with France particularly. On the other hand, in every Frenchman living in North Africa (and, if in Algeria, sometimes born there from parents and grandparents born there) you find a natural pride in the achievements of a hard-working French population who made new homes in Africa and who feel about those homes in the same way as their forefathers felt about their homes in France. So a Frenchman who lives in Tunisia or Morocco cannot understand why he should be excluded from the political institutions which are to be set up there to fulfil the promise of internal autonomy. In Algeria, on the other hand, where the Europeans and Moslems have equal rights, the average Frenchman is ready to accept this political equality. But he expects France to accept the financial burden of raising the standards of living of a rapidly expanding population inhabiting a mainly infertile land.

These problems and conflicts are the challenge of our time. They are the genuine problems of co-existence, economic and social, and they cannot be solved by statements of good intentions, however generous. What the African parts of the French Republic are asking is to assimilate and not to be assimilated. They look on the metropolitan country not only as the natural source of culture but also of technical, economic, and financial assistance. Their representatives in the Assembly in Paris point out that the formula of creating one community, irrespective of race and creed, has to be translated into concrete terms, that the income from the more productive part of the Republic—obviously France herself—must be distributed to the less fortunate parts of the Republic.

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

In Praise of Reading

IN the spring a young man's fancy does not necessarily turn to thoughts of books. But to a young and ambitious man books are often the means to realise his hopes and dreams. 'The things I want to know', said Abraham Lincoln, the Illinois log-splitter, 'are in books; my best friend is the man who'll git me a book'. Lincoln practised oratory in the forests of the Middle West just as Lloyd George did in the Welsh courts and chapels, but both of them found guidance and solace in books. Lloyd George indeed read every popular biography of Lincoln that he could find, and though both Lincoln and Lloyd George drew much of their oratory from the Bible, Lloyd George also found religious inspiration in books as varied as *Sartor Resartus* and Renan's *Life of Jesus*. Most statesmen (though Washington and Cromwell are obvious exceptions) have soaked themselves in books. Books are the inspiration of the young and the consolation of the old. Middle age is not always the time for reading. In the prime of the statesman's life at any rate there may be little opportunity to read anything except the *Official Report*, the newspapers, and the Blue Books. Gladstone, it is true, retired from politics at the age of sixty-five in order to establish the fact that 'the beautiful and benevolent Iris of Homer' traced her descent directly from the rainbow mentioned in the ninth chapter of the Book of Genesis, a discovery that no doubt required much reading. But the Balkan atrocities lured him back to politics. Only a statesman willing to dispense with the normal ration of sleep and read into the small hours (like Napoleon and the present Prime Minister) can hope to keep up their reading while ruling great nations.

These handicaps on reading do not, however, apply to the artist, journalist, or man of letters. Several of the most distinguished journalists of our time educated themselves largely out of books. For primary schools, W.E.A. classes, and benevolent advice afford only a limited education; ambitious men or women with an urge to write must perforce teach themselves. Books are cheap (the classics can usually be obtained second-hand and public libraries are increasingly excellent) but their reading requires time, concentration, and intelligence. Nor is the speed at which one reads of importance. What is necessary is that one should read with discrimination and digest what one reads.

The real patrons of books today, one sometimes suspects, however, are not the eager apprentices of politics or literature or even ladies with leisure (if such there be) who subscribe to libraries, but busy administrators or professional men who find in reading the most satisfying of hobbies. A book can be thrust into a pocket, read in a train, aeroplane, or motor-car, dipped into while awaiting an appointment, or even employed as a soporific. The book trade is stimulated not because authors and publishers take in each other's washing, but because business directors or Harley Street doctors say agreeably that they make a habit of buying and not borrowing books since the skill of an author is deserving of proper reward. Some may feel that such good will is a tenuous foundation for the future of good books in this country. But, on the other hand, where would the theatre, the cinema, television, and sound broadcasting be without books to draw upon in a thousand ways? It is said that every novel that is published is read by servants of Hollywood on the look out for worth-while plots, and one imagines that agents of the television industry also comb publishers' lists to seek ideas and talent. One cannot imagine a world without books. But it will be a sad one in which they do not continue to be read for their own merits.

What They Are Saying

The documents about Yalta

THE PUBLICATION in the United States of the documents about Yalta gave rise to a great deal of comment in both east and west. In the United States itself, the *Washington Post and Times Herald* expressed the view that internal party politics lay behind the release of the documents and that Mr. Dulles had dealt American diplomacy 'a damaging blow'. The *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, on the other hand (both of which had obtained copies of the documents in advance of their official issue), approved their publication as likely to have a wholesome effect. The *New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The papers have helped to demonstrate both the unwisdom and immorality of any attempt to reach a settlement with the Soviets on the basis of the status quo which perpetuates the enslavement of nations. The *New York Times* emphasised that by flagrantly breaking all the war-time agreements, including Yalta, the Soviets have released the Western Powers from any commitments without releasing themselves from the moral and legal obligations to honour their promises. France, *Le Monde* was quoted for the observation that the French, like the Germans, would have good grounds for complaint about the cynical remarks which Sir Winston Churchill used about them. Then, after referring to President Roosevelt's 'naivety' in regard to Soviet policy, *Le Monde* went on: 'One observes, too, the greed of Stalin and contempt for the small Powers'.

From west Berlin, the Independent *Tagesspiegel* was quoted for the view that the most important result of publication was the evidence that the division of Germany was a Russian plan. The Christian Democrat newspaper *Der Tag* said the Western Powers, and particularly President Roosevelt, minimised the Bolshevik danger and overlooked their desire for world domination. But, added the newspaper, 'We Germans must not forget that the historic origin of these mistakes lies in the criminal Hitler policy which came before'. Another west German newspaper, *General Anzeiger*, was quoted as saying that the documents showed that honest negotiations with the Soviet Union are impossible for Stalin at Yalta solemnly undertook to permit free elections in the east European countries.

A Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, accused the United States of rejecting the foundations of post-war co-operation between the 'Big Three Powers' laid down at Yalta, and said that the American move to repudiate the Yalta agreements would 'further aggravate international tension'. The east German newspaper *Neues Deutschland* called the American publication of the Yalta documents a 'forgery' aimed at proving that Stalin and Molotov were responsible for splitting Germany. Both at the Teheran conference in 1943 and at the Potsdam conference in 1945, this Communist newspaper maintained, the Soviet Union rejected western plans for dismembering Germany.

On March 19, Moscow radio quoted *Pravda* as commenting on the exchange of letters last July between Sir Winston Churchill and Joseph Molotov—published the previous day by the Soviet Foreign Ministry on the question of an informal meeting between the British and Soviet Prime Ministers. *Pravda* accused Sir Winston of initiating the correspondence solely to strengthen his position in bargaining with the United States, and alleged that he had no serious intention of arranging a meeting. On March 18 the Soviet Foreign Ministry delivered another Note to France, repeating its threat to annul the French-Soviet treaty if France ratifies the Paris Agreements. Continued propaganda against ratification, coupled with the campaign against atomic weapons, dominated Moscow broadcasts last week. *Pravda* was quoted as saying that if France entered 'a military bloc with the German militarists' she would no longer have a treaty with the U.S.S.R. or the rights of a Great Power, 'and nothing will protect her against aggression from resuscitated German militarism'. It added that 'nobody can arm western Germany against France's will'.

Interesting developments are announced for Tibet. The Chinese radio quoted a report from Chang Ching-wu, the delegate of the Central Government to the State Council which, after saying that Communist tolerance in religious matters had won the confidence of the 'brotherly masses of monks and people', admitted that 'disrespect for the Tibet people's freedom of religion', among other things, on the part of certain Chinese personnel stationed in Tibet, had caused a number of Tibetans to become 'worried and doubtful'.

Did You Hear That?

THE CROWDED CAPITAL OF FORMOSA

RICHARD SCOTT has just returned from Formosa, which he visited as a special correspondent. He spoke about the capital, Taipeh, in a talk in 'At Home and Abroad'.

'I have seen', he said, 'no obvious signs in Taipeh of military preparations, or indeed of over-zealous police activities. The security arrangements for Mr. Dulles' departure the other day were almost non-existent. Apart from possible high-flying Communist reconnaissance aircraft there has so far been no military action against the island from the mainland.'

'Taipeh is clearly finding it difficult to accommodate the great influx of people, foreigners and Chinese, since it was converted from a provincial into a national capital. There are, for example, only two hotels, and rooms have to be shared. The only major building in the city serves as the headquarters and offices for President Chiang Kai-shek. The Generalissimo—which they abbreviate here to "Gimo"—lives outside Taipeh and he is rarely seen by the ordinary people.'

'I had rather expected to find an obvious preponderance on the island of males over females because the flight from the mainland brought not only some 500,000 soldiers, but of the 1,000,000 or so civilians men were slightly in the majority. But at least in Taipeh the sexes seem to be pretty evenly divided, and I am told they are. But, of course, the troops, of whom only one in thirteen is married, are largely outside the capital. I am told that there is no great love lost between the Formosans and the mainland Chinese, whom the former regard almost as occupying aliens. The Formosans are even said to think of the fifty-year period of Japanese occupation in terms of "the good old days". It would not be surprising if there was an unpleasant hang-over from the brutal and ruthless carpet-bagging rule of General Chen Yi, the first administrator sent to Formosa from the mainland after the liberation of the island from the Japanese at the end of the war. But first impressions seem to suggest that the Nationalists have succeeded in developing quite an efficient administration in Formosa. One very small example—you see none of the beggars that menace most large cities in this part of the world, even in our own Crown Colony of Hongkong'.

A STRANGE HORSE-RACE

Why is it that in the Kiplingcotes Derby, a horse-race run in the East Riding of Yorkshire earlier this month, the second man nearly always obtains more prize money than the winner? A. L. LAISHLEY explained the answer in a talk in 'The Northcountryman'.

'The first Kiplingcotes Derby', he said, 'was run more than 400 years ago. In 1519, a number of local landowners, including the Earl of Burlington, Sir Marmaduke Constable, and Sir Michael Wharton, inaugurated this odd horse-race and subscribed a total of £360 for the prize money. Later, a legacy of £100 was added, and today's prize for the winner is the interest on £460. Until about 1820 the money was held privately, but after that it was invested. The annual interest used to be about £14, and the winner took it all, but in recent years it has dropped to less than half that, which is not much of a prize considering

that competitors have to pay an entrance fee of £4 5s. That fee is the reason why the second horse home often wins a substantial prize for its owner. He (or she, for women often ride in the race) gets all the entrance money except for five shillings per horse, which the promoters take to cover expenses. So if there are six horses running—and there frequently are—the second horse home wins £24, perhaps four times as much as the winner. Did you ever hear of anything so topsy-turvy? But, anyhow, the riders would much rather be first than win more money by being second—it is the honour that counts.

'There are two special conditions to the race. It must be run on the third Thursday in March, whatever the weather, and it must be run every year. Sometimes there have been very strange races so that it could be run. For instance, in the hard winter of 1947 only one rider entered and he completed the course even though he did finish in a snowdrift four feet deep.

Another year the whole course was deep in snow and had to be dug out before the horses could race at all. And one year, when there was not a single entry, a number of cart horses were persuaded to trot over the course pulling wold wagons after them.

'After the weigh-in the clerk reads the rules. They are still phrased in the language of the sixteenth century, but what they say in effect is that any owner of a horse in the race who tries to hinder another horse shall have his own horse disqualified, that any rider who strikes another rider shall not be eligible for a prize, and that anybody who weighs light at the winning post shall be disqualified.

'At last the starter sets the horses off. They soon disappear as they take to the cross-country course, and usually nobody knows what is

happening till the watchers who are waiting at the winning post see the competitors emerge one by one on to the road for the last lap. That road is the main coastal road in the district, so a couple of policemen are usually about, to hold up any traffic'.

SELLING IDEAS

There is a special service in the United States Embassy in London which is helping to solve the business problems of firms, both here and in America. It is called the Contact Clearing House Service and it is run by the United States Foreign Operations Mission. By putting out lists of goods which manufacturers in both countries want to sell, it makes it easier for Britons and Americans to do business with each other. LEONARD PARKIN explained in 'Radio Newsreel' how it works.

'If a British firm has a product it would like to have made under licence in America', he said, 'it sends its proposals to the clearing house. Arrangements are then made for the proposals to be circulated among likely American firms. Similarly, if an American firm has an idea it is circulated in Britain. Proposals are put out through what are called field counsellors. In Britain, field counsellors include, for example, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, the National Union of Manufacturers, and the Federation of British Industries. In the United States there are more than 700 field counsellors.

'So far, there have been about 400 proposals from American firms and nearly 300 from British. The emphasis has been mainly on engineering products with a leavening of chemicals and plastics. But there



Crowded street scene in Taipeh, capital of Formosa

have also been proposals which show the extent to which new ideas are being pursued in an effort to open up transatlantic markets. From America there is an idea for the making of a liquid-dispensing brush which can be used, among other things, for brushing in hair tonic. Another proposal offers the right to make a patent car cover, which rolls away into a casing on the car's back bumper. A New York man is looking for a firm to make a flexible wooden clog. There is a note for the atomic age in a proposal from America which offers the production of what is called "a high, X-ray and gamma-ray absorbing glass", for protection both in laboratories and in the case of atomic bomb attacks. There are proposals for a new method of making trouser pockets, for milk-shake and ice-cream equipment, for a new type of sleeping bag, a slide-away bath, and a new gadget for cutting grapefruit.

British firms, too, want to sell their ideas and to attract American manufacturers. One wants to sell the idea of a new kind of tin opener; another, an automatic foot-wiping device, and another a pressure coffee-percolator with a non-drip spout.

A TRIP TO EPHEBUS

'I have just returned', said RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. Balkans correspondent in 'The Eye-witness', 'from a trip to Ephesus, once the most famous city of Ionia and later of Roman Asia. After its pagan days it played a large part in biblical history. St. Paul spent three years there founding the first Christian community, and another apostle, St. John, is said to have written his Gospel there. There is also a persistent local legend that the Virgin Mary came to Ephesus and was buried there. A chapel built in her memory is a constant place of pilgrimage.

Ephesus lies a few miles inland, among rolling hills and green fields, in one of the most fertile parts of Turkey. Extensive digging and careful reconstruction among the scattered ruins revealed the outline of the city as it used to be: the theatre which, as in other ruins of the same period, has survived and kept its horseshoe shape better than the surrounding buildings; the beautiful Arcadian Way, 500 metres long and paved with marble which dazzles in the strong sun, and the Selçuk Library, also remarkably well preserved. Here the local authorities have erected a small post office, where you can have your postcards franked with an Ephesus stamp and can telephone to any part of the world. And, nearby, facing the gate of the Forum, just under the noncommittal eye of a marble Centurion Guard, is a bar where you can refresh yourself with local wine after an exhausting, hot trek round the ruins. Apart from these two modern intrusions, Ephesus is well cared for and it remains, probably, the most complete and the most impressive of all the ancient cities of western Anatolia.

By contrast, there is disappointingly little to be seen at Troy, except for the specialist. There is nothing that speaks to the eye; only a few broken sections of wall remain to mark the scene of the Trojan Wars and the city where Helen lived. No reconstruction has been attempted. The digging has all been done for technical reasons, and today the site remains a monument to Heinrich Schliemann, a German business man turned archaeologist, who can claim credit for some of the most ingenious detective work in the history of archaeology. It was he who located the site of Troy.

MACHINES IN MINIATURE

Even model aircraft enthusiasts will admit that there is something unusual about models not of aeroplanes but of the machines used in making them. The Folland Aircraft Company, makers of the Gnat light fighter, have several hundred such miniatures. IVOR JONES, B.B.C.

Air Correspondent, recorded for 'The Eye-witness' a description of the models and what they are for.

'They are made', he said, 'by Mr. Harold Owen. He is fifty-three and he started making model aeroplanes when he was seven. Now with almost a lifetime of delicate and fastidious work behind him, he makes a living out of his hobby. The point of his work is that in the aircraft industry—more than in many others—it is necessary now and then to re-plan production lines and the position of machines on the workshop floor; and Mr. Owen's models make it possible to carry out this complex business almost as simply as doing a jig-saw puzzle. He has a little room, in the heart of the factory, fitted with tables representing—at one thirty-second of full scale—the actual workshop area. The largest of them is nine-and-a-half feet by eight-and-a-half feet, representing a real floor that is eighty-four yards by sixty-seven.

'On it there are 370 models of all the main tools and jigs on the floor; and they, too, are one-thirty-second of full size. They are beautifully made, painted in the appropriate colours, and they work. The particular workshop is taken up, among other things, with making wings for the De Havilland Sea Venom—wings which, for operations from aircraft carriers, have to be able to fold. To make sure they do, they are tested on a special jig built up of steel girders. The model of the jig—only four-and-a-half inches long—shows the girders in detail, and the wing folds, just as it would in the real jig. But Mr. Owen goes

beyond copying what has already been built. On a table at the side of his room are models of jigs of one sort and another for the Gnat—which is still in the prototype stage. If it goes into production he will be a jump ahead'.



The great relief of the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 76-138) in the ruins of Ephesus

ADVERTISING LOTTERIES

Speaking of the state lotteries that used to be held in Britain before they were abolished by an act of 1826, JOHN BAMBOROUGH said in 'The Northcountryman': 'Newspapers carried the announcement of the sales—but this was only a start. Handbills, leaflets, and fly sheets were showered on the public in remarkable profusion. The agents really went to town with every means at their disposal—prose and poetry, pictures and songs, epigrams and conundrums.

'There were two principal agents in Newcastle on Tyne, samples of whose work I have come across, whom I shall call X & Sons and Y & Co. Now

Y & Co. seem to have had a decided pull over their rivals, for one of the tickets sold by them in an earlier lottery had drawn a prize of £40,000. This, of course, the public were not allowed to forget:

Expedition is necessary in your application at the truly Lucky Office of Y & Co. where the Only Prize of £40,000 ever known was sold, and to which you must quickly repair if you wish for a chance in the present Grand Scheme, it being limited to One Day's Drawing. God Save The King!

'And this one set out to entice the superstitious:

A person sprung up in this town who predicted that the only Prize of Forty Thousand Pounds ever known was then on Sale at Y & Co. truly Lucky Office. Wonderful to relate this was the case! The golden opportunity was embraced by a lady (a lady worth embracing!) who, now enjoying the fruits of her speculation. The same wisacre now foretells that one, at least, of the Twenty Thousand in the next Lottery will be sold by them.

'The handbills of X & Sons are a bit tame in comparison. One picture shows a shabby down-and-out being snubbed by a couple of swells, one of whom is saying: "Come along—we shall be bored to death. The fellow's always teasing me with his wants—it annoys me exceedingly!" Ah! But in the next picture the erstwhile shabby one is richly arrayed—thanks, of course, to a lucky lottery ticket. And the now-fawning swells he is saying: "Did you speak to me? I am in haste—and to be bored thus annoys me exceedingly!"'

Competition at the Counter

By MARGARET HALL

LESS than half the money we spend in the shops goes to the producer. The rest pays for the cost of distributing the product—and most of this is the cost of retail distribution. Distribution (that is to say, wholesale and retail trade) is Britain's largest industry—it provides work for no less than one in thirteen of the whole British electorate—and yet there is no sphere of economic activity about which so little informed discussion takes place. Perhaps, as I heard someone argue at a trade conference the other day, this is because familiarity breeds contempt: it is the one business we all know at first hand. But my prediction is that marketing problems are going to attract more and more attention for reasons which will not be altogether agreeable to shopkeepers.

A Highly Protected Atmosphere

At the moment, British shopkeeping takes place in a highly protected atmosphere and has done so for the last quarter of a century. This means that there has been no strong natural tendency for competition, imperfect as it is in this field, to eliminate the economically inefficient firm. To some extent this will always be so: shopkeepers are protected from the foreign competition that manufacturing industry has to meet. They are protected from the competition of their neighbours by such important factors as distance, the preference of shoppers for a familiar face, and above all by shoppers' inertia. In Britain—in contrast, for example, to North America—this last factor has been enormously strengthened by war-time controls. These have produced in the British housewife (who, after all, does most of the nation's shopping) an attitude of submission to whatever retail services are provided, and it has given rise, among traders, to a fear of change. (There are exceptions, of course.)

In addition to all this, there is a powerful sociological force, based on sentiment and fostered by skilful publicity, to the effect that innovation, or the adoption of more efficient methods of shopkeeping, would threaten the existence of the very large numbers of small independent shopkeepers. We cannot lightly disregard the threatened demise of a class which contributes so much to the social and political stability of our society. I believe this fear is unfounded.

Finally, there is what may, perhaps, be the most powerful protection of all: that is the lack of informed public opinion on retail matters. Neither the terminology nor the facts are available on which to form a considered opinion. We have only to look at the recent correspondence on resale price maintenance in the columns of *The Times* to illustrate this point. From the point of view of the ordinary man who wishes to make up his own mind, it was a useless correspondence. It was largely composed of predictable statements of preconceived positions by interested parties. Its content was emotive and not intellectual in character. For this state of affairs, economists are largely to blame.

Critical Period in the History of Shopping

I wish to suggest that the immediate future is a critical period in the history of shopping, because, as I see it, this mantle of protection is about to be withdrawn. As a result, we shall soon see important developments in retailing. Perhaps I should qualify this by saying that we shall see important changes unless we allow these changes to be prevented by some form of collective action. When I was listing the kinds of protection against competition and evolution in retail trade, I should have noted that over a large and growing field, price competition (which history shows has been the instrument of innovation in retailing) is prohibited by resale price maintenance agreements. These agreements absolutely prevent traders from reducing their prices below an agreed level, and are often accompanied by 'exclusive dealing' arrangements (which restrict the choice of supplier) and enforced by a collective boycott, designed to cut off supplies from any trader who nevertheless sells at less than the approved price.

The extent of resale price maintenance was estimated at about 31 per cent. of retail sales in 1938. It is commonly agreed to be growing and,

in a recent article in *The Financial Times*, Mr. Mark Abrams estimated that, by this means, price competition had been eliminated from just over one-half of the whole retail field. This can be compared with some 5 or 10 per cent. in the United States. In Canada, in 1951, price maintenance was declared illegal. Resale price maintenance is a highly controversial and politically dangerous issue. The Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission is currently examining the limited problem of whether practices like 'exclusive dealing' and the 'collective boycott' are in the public interest—but it has not been invited to consider the more fundamental problem of the economic effects of resale price maintenance itself. This is no doubt because the problem has recently been investigated by the Lloyd Jacob Committee, but its findings added little to our limited knowledge. The evidence given to the committee was not published. On the extent of price maintenance, they simply used an unofficial estimate for 1938. And, in their estimate of its economic effects, it is not even absolutely clear that the committee recognised that there is no necessary association between branded articles and price maintenance. The American food trade, for example, is based on the sale of branded articles, but there is no price maintenance.

No Accepted Theory of Retailing

As a professional economist, I should confess at once that there is no accepted theory of retailing. The customary procedure of trying to analyse retail activity in terms of a firm producing one abstract product the price of which is varied when demand or supply changes is futile because it begs the whole question of what exactly constitutes retail output. But no more satisfactory theory has been formulated to replace it. When we consider productivity, we must have a measure of input (or cost) and a measure of output, since increased productivity simply means more output for a given cost. In discussions of productivity in retailing, the amount of merchandise sold is often used as a measure of output, but it can be very misleading because the same goods can be sold with greater or less retail service, and, furthermore, some articles, which are bought infrequently and have a slower stock-turn, cost the retailer more to sell than do other 'convenience' goods which have a mass demand. To use gross margins as a measure of retail output is little better: first, because retailers do not, and in the face of their heavy overheads cost cannot, adjust gross margins to the cost of selling particular articles; and, second, because resale price maintenance often precludes any such adjustment. We are forced to conclude that at present there is no precise means of measuring retail output and, therefore, no exact measure of productivity in retail trade.

An entirely new approach, which holds great promise, is being made by some American firms, under the perverse name of 'expense centre accounting'. It aims at finding physical units of retail service output, like number of lb.-miles of delivery service, number of transactions, and so on. I know of one British firm which is experimenting on these lines. It has coined the slightly more acceptable term 'productivity unit accounting'.

No wonder, then, that public and private discussion of competition at the counter is plagued with ambiguities and that the key words mean different things to different people. Two good examples are 'creaming the trade' and 'loss-leader selling'. Both are highly emotive terms. Neither has an agreed meaning. Traders who stock only goods which are easy to sell (standardised articles with a mass demand) are said to be creaming the trade by those who also stock slower moving items and cater for a smaller clientele. The term implies a neglect of duty—a sort of piracy. But it could equally well be argued on the other side that such a division of function between different types of store is a legitimate form of specialisation. It enables these traders to sell their goods more cheaply because their operating costs are low and because they can give larger orders to the manufacturer and so obtain the benefits of mass production in the form of lower buying prices.

A similar confusion exists in the use of the term 'loss-leader'—that is cutting the price of a well-known product to attract a general

increase in sales. Resale price maintenance is advocated as a means of preventing loss-leader selling. The term, again, implies a form of illegitimate price competition. Yet the results of what I think is the first systematic attempt at defining the practice and measuring its extent have just been published by the Combines Investigation Commission in Canada. In their report the commission emphasised the danger of using the term 'loss-leader' selling and thereby condemning as injurious 'those situations which may only reflect vigorous competition or innovation, where the public interest and the immediate interest of the parties concerned may be opposed'. This distinction is seldom made in current discussion, yet it is vital that it should be.

'Cost-reducing Innovation Is Possible'

But when theory does not help us, history sometimes does. Here we are fortunate in having two excellent new books on shopping—Dr. J. B. Jefferys' book, *Retail Trading in Britain 1850-1950** and the late Dr. H. Pasdermadjian's *The Department Store—Its Origins, Evolution and Economics†*. These histories throw light on the vexed questions of technical evolution in retailing and of competition at the counter on which, as I have argued, we are incapable of reaching conclusions by an analysis of current data—partly because of lack of theory, partly because of lack of facts. They both tell us the same story: that cost-reducing innovation is possible in distribution.

Dr. Pasdermadjian is concerned particularly with the evolution of the department store in the late nineteenth century. This was an entirely new, lower-cost, lower-priced type of retail outlet, bitterly resented by the traditional traders of the day and condemned as a 'price-cutter'—yet it had a sufficient impact in raising living standards to lay claim to having 'democratised luxury'.

Dr. Jefferys casts his historical net rather wider, and describes the evolution of the three main forms of large-scale retailing: the multiples or chain and the co-operatives as well as the department stores. He considers that this technical evolution is comparable in its importance for our standard of living with the great industrial revolution a century earlier. In other words, historical verdict supports the view that increased productivity in retail trade is essential if we are to accept the Chancellor of the Exchequer's challenge to double our standard of living in the next twenty-five years.

Dr. Jefferys' second striking point is really in the form of a question. In the face of increased competition from large-scale retailing by the multiple stores, why have British independents not responded by developing new techniques, such as group wholesaling? These new techniques have been widely adopted in the United States and Canada and on the continent of Europe. The experience of these countries suggests that group wholesaling gives the independent shopkeeper all the advantages which the multiple store obtains from the economies of large-scale buying. As a result he has no need of protective devices, like resale price maintenance, to keep him in business.

For example, in the American food trade—a very profitable and progressive industry, where there is no price maintenance—91.6 per cent. of all retail establishments are single-unit independents who make widespread use of group wholesaling facilities, and they make 63 per cent. of all food sales. In Britain, where there is substantial price maintenance in the food field, the independents, or single shops, number only 70 per cent. of the whole and they do only 46 per cent. of the food trade. Perhaps the protection which price-maintenance is supposed to afford is an illusion. I, personally, think it is. I think that the view that it is a protection is based on the mistaken assumption that guaranteed margins on particular articles mean guaranteed profits for the trader. They would—if there were no such thing as turnover! But guaranteed margins induce new shops to set up whose arrival diminishes the sales of the established shopkeepers.

What I want particularly to emphasise here is what, in academic language, one might call the present disequilibrium in retail trade. As I see it, it will be very difficult, in the near future, for British retailing to stand still. I said that the mantle of protection was being withdrawn. First, one has only to look at press and parliament to notice that, as a direct result of the new national awareness of the need for increased productivity, eyes are being turned to the distributive trades, where, in Dr. Jefferys' words, 'there has been little evidence of evolution in the last twenty-five years'. Secondly, the present structure of retail trade has been built up, to a large extent, on relatively low wages for distributive workers. Now, either the wages of distributive workers will rise substantially, or shopkeepers will be unable to retain their labour. Thirdly, the war-time shortages and their corollary,

government regulation of prices and supplies in such a way as to maintain existing trading channels, are disappearing. Trading conditions are consequently becoming daily more competitive. Finally, there are innovations, new techniques like self-service, group wholesaling perhaps even expense-centre accounting, with which progressive retailers in this country are already experimenting. Self-service is an instance of this kind. As a result of the adoption of mass production methods, more food is produced, in greater variety, at lower cost. These mass-produced packaged items save the shopkeeper time and trouble. Goods have only to be displayed and customers can see, at a glance, what they want. Faced, as the shopkeepers will be, whether with rising wages or with labour shortage, they will either have to raise prices or economise labour. The obvious answer, both from their point of view and from their customers', seems to be self-service. The counter is a barrier between customer and service. Competition at the counter will eliminate the counter! As these new devices reduce costs and increase sales (as self-service food stores report an immediate and continued increase in sales), it will be difficult to restrain their advance.

Both the authors I have mentioned are aware of these changes, and Dr. Jefferys asks whether a new phase in the evolution of the distributive trades is about to begin, involving the simplification and speeding up of shopkeeping and closer co-operation between producer and distributor in maintaining a flow of goods to meet mass demands. In response to mass consumer needs, large-scale orders would be placed with manufacturers and shopkeepers would say, in effect, to the customers, 'This is what we have, we have tried to get what you want rather than asking the individual customer 'If you will tell us what you want, we will try to get it for you'. Dr. Jefferys does not go so far as to say that this technical revolution will happen in Britain. He predicts that it is the probable outcome, provided no further protective devices against innovation are adopted. Dr. Pasdermadjian sees these developments as a threat to the sales of the department stores and adds that they may have to 'reconsider their attitude' to resale price maintenance, which, in the period when they were innovators, they bitterly opposed.

But, whatever the future holds, my plea as an economist is that questions as vital as these for our standard of living should be consciously resolved by informed public opinion and not go by default and be disposed of on the basis of the sentiment and prejudice.

—Third Programme

The Notice of the Death

The watchers at the gaol await
The nine-kicking clock;
And the other sentence on the gate
That breaks the broken neck.

They stand impatiently and glance
From wrist to ticking tower
Where hands agree and Time begins
To execute the hour.

The metal seconds thump, and stop.
The living start to breathe,
And when the officer posts up
The notice of the death,

Reach vulnerable necks and read;
And turn away, relieved.
As though, instead of one man dead,
A hundred are reprieved.

The urge that never found a knife,
The thought that missed the deed
Has taken with another's life
Its punishment. They're freed.

The men still grouped about the prison
Remove black caps;
And round their necks the women loosen
Scarves, like ropes.

PETER APPLETON

The British Universities: Utopias

The last of three talks by ERIC ASHBY

WHEN Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins was appointed President of the University of Chicago at the tender age (I believe) of twenty-nine, he gave an address to the students. I was a student there at the time. I remember that he started off by saying he was ten years older than most of us and he proposed to keep that lead. Dr. Hutchins has now run clean off the time-scale of mortals, for he has published his impressions of the University of Utopia. It is, like all his writings, provocative and brilliant. It is a good-natured deflation of American universities, and some of them doubtless need deflating. And it is not without its lessons for British universities. But if you ask yourself why Dr. Hutchins published the more fanciful parts of this book, unless out of sheer exuberance or as a contribution to space-man fiction, you will be at a loss for an answer. For it has this in common with books about men on the moon: that it is simply irrelevant to earthly societies.

'Berlin Academy of Learning'

I suppose all utopian universities are like that. There is a pretty collection of them for England alone, neatly docketed and described by Professor Armytage in his essays which have evoked my three talks. And there is a notorious German utopian university, described with humourless confidence by Fichte in his plan for a Berlin Academy of Learning, 150 years ago. Descriptions of utopian universities seem to be written in the same key:

The Utopians limit their professional schools to those occupations which have intellectual content and have it in their own right. They leave training in the techniques of professions to the professions themselves.

Among so many colleges in Europe I find it strange that they are all dedicated to professions and none left free to arts and sciences at large.

The first of those quotations was written by Dr. Hutchins, two years ago; the second by Francis Bacon 350 years ago.

Bacon's academic Utopia was really a scientific research institute occupied by natural philosophers with laboratories, gardens, experimental stations and lakes, observatories and power houses. Its purpose was 'the enlargement of the bounds of Human Empire to the effecting of all things possible'. Bacon did not deal in *The New Atlantis* with the educational problem of where the staff were to come from. But Richard Mulcaster, who flourished half a century before Bacon, had provided for that in his utopian university. He used as its raw material the existing colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, condensing and organising them into three colleges devoted to what we should now call the liberal arts, and four specifically professional colleges (medicine, law, divinity, and education). All students, whether they proposed to enter the professional colleges or not, had to attend a liberal arts college first. Mulcaster's proposal so closely corresponds to one part of Dr. Hutchins' utopian university that the words of one almost do for describing the other.

You must read Professor Armytage's own descriptions of four other English utopian projects: one of which was Charles Kelsall's preposterous idea of reorganising the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge so that New College was to concentrate on fine arts, Balliol on natural philosophy, and Peterhouse on agriculture and manufactures. All these are now mere curiosities. But Fichte's German utopian university is a more serious matter, for, although it made little impression in Britain, it did influence America and it can claim to be one of the spiritual ancestors of Dr. Hutchins' *University of Utopia*.

Fichte was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy at Jena in 1794. He was, until his enforced resignation from Jena four years later, a devoted disciple of Kant. His views on universities are embodied in some popular lectures he gave in Jena and in his proposals for the reform of higher education in Prussia, reproduced in a book on German universities published just after the first world war. The prime function of his utopian university was to train an *élite* which would become the new nobility of Prussia. Students were to be carefully selected and drafted to the new university, regardless of whether they could afford

to pay or not. There they would be regimented and put into uniform. The uniform would be intellectual as well as literal: for this *élite* was to receive a rigorous and unifying education designed to condition its members to the highest flights of intellectualism. Fichte's utopian students had to become priests for the truth. There was to be no desultory learning, no professional training, no education designed to satisfy economic needs. Every student would hear one view—the right view—of philosophy; and the main emphasis of the university was to be on learning and thinking as an art. Teaching would be by Socratic dialogue and the students would be prodded into mutual continuous conversation about philosophical topics. The graduates who survived all this would emerge to lead the people of Prussia.

A grim Utopia. And (you will notice) ominously like the leadership schools established by Hitler. Its illiberal exclusion of all philosophies but one and its teutonic insistence on a uniform for students and teachers alike were not suitable for export to the Anglo-Saxon world. But some of the rest was exportable: it found its way into Emerson's views about education, and a little of it has found its way into Dr. Hutchins' *University of Utopia*.

Both Fichte and Hutchins want to confine their student body to an intellectual *élite*. 'Only those students', says Dr. Hutchins, 'qualified to do independent work and who are interested in doing it are admitted to the university'. Both Fichte and Hutchins exclude the student who goes to college in order to get a qualification for a profession. They both reject the 'elective' system, which allows the student to choose as ingredients for his liberal education the subjects he likes: both want higher education to begin with obligatory courses in liberal arts. Both Fichte and Hutchins set great store by constant intercommunication between students and staff, and arrange that they should be thrown together in small groups deliberately to talk; though what Fichte's band of state-conditioned snobs would find to talk about, heaven knows. Both Fichte and Hutchins depend on their utopian universities to withstand mediocrity and triviality; though Dr. Hutchins' Utopians are all so enlightened already that the university would have no triviality to withstand.

There are differences, as important as the similarities. Dr. Hutchins' utopian university would have none of the philosophical conformity of Fichte's; indeed the most penetrating comment Dr. Hutchins has to make is that in the University of Utopia controversy is an end in itself. The whole country encourages it by giving an annual award to the Most Controversial Person, and the award is won usually by a university professor. (So, I imagine, it would be in Britain if we gave awards to controversial persons; it is a sign of our intellectual health that every British university could put forward a strong candidate.)

People Emasculated of Ambition

It is all great fun to read and it sparkles with Dr. Hutchins' wit. But what sort of people are his Utopians? They are emasculated of ambition. They believe—all of them, presumably—that thought and art, not sex and sport, are the highest activities of the human race. In fact they have never even thought of inter-collegiate football matches. Love of money is unknown among them, so it is no surprise to hear that they are not in the least interested in the vocational relevance of their university courses; nor is the University of Utopia concerned to prepare them for any specific activity in later life. Moreover, since there are no pedants and no bores and no pedestrian professors on the university staff, a mere two or three years' introduction to the liberal arts, between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, is enough to inoculate them for life with a passionate interest in intellectual activity. Dr. Hutchins is reticent about the intelligence quotients of his Utopians, but I should not be surprised to find that there is not a child in his Utopia who would fail to pass the common entrance examination for a grammar school.

That is the trouble with this sort of Utopia: it is ethically inconceivable and biologically fantastic. Take it seriously and you run up against a prodigious false assumption—that social institutions are built

on transcendental theories for persons devoid of original sin. Social institutions are not built that way or for such people. They are empirical, and any university reformer who is not prepared to get the mud of empiricism on his boots is simply running away from his problems. Bologna, Oxford, Göttingen, Chicago; none of the universities in these places was set up in pursuance of a theory, utopian or otherwise. They were simple responses to needs, and by trial and error they arrived at the most efficient way to respond; if they had failed to respond, or if the need had not been genuine, they would have vanished. History is strewn with the relics of projected universities. It is with colleges as it is with other living organisms: the fittest survive; and the most practicable technique for the reformer is to study what have been the conditions for the survival of universities in a world which really does contain unscrupulous politicians, crude plutocrats, pedants, neurotics, educationally sub-normal people, football pools, and horror comics.

Precious Diversity

But let us concede to the spinners of Utopias that the university does need to be reformed, even though they invariably fail to tell us how it should be done. Let us concede even that the sort of reforms needed are those which the spinners of Utopias suggest: that universities should concern themselves with an intellectual *élite*, that they should foster learning for its own sake, that they should combat specialism. Then let us take the British universities as they are, regarding them as the survivors after natural selection, in order to see what practical steps might be taken toward these ends. What do we find? First a great diversity, itself very precious: at one extreme (for example) the traditional paternalism of the ancient universities, where students are obliged to spend part of their careers in a college which shuts at 10 p.m.; at the other extreme the traditional emancipation of the Scottish universities, where the domestic life of students is regarded as their own affair.

Utopians, without ever discussing critically the relative merits of these two systems, plump for a residential university, because it simplifies the problems of higher education. But who, being familiar with the universities of Uppsala and Göttingen and Geneva, would dare to assert that residence in colleges is the only way to secure the conditions for continuous and intimate conversation which the Utopians—rightly—prize so much? Indeed the very diversity of our universities still leaves an opportunity for the cultivation of an *élite*, so dear to the hearts of Utopians. For the two ancient universities still attract the cream of England's students and are still the Mecca in the nomadic life of many university teachers. This is all to the good provided the Redbrick universities yield nothing to Oxford and Cambridge in formal academic standards. Indeed, it is much better than the utopian solution, for not-even Utopians have solved the problem of how to select their *élite* at the age of eighteen; so it is just as well for some students that there are twenty or thirty institutions offering a university education in Britain, each with its own criteria for admission.

Then there is the question of specialism. Five out of every six students in Britain are at Redbrick universities; two out of every six of them live at home. It is sheer nonsense to assume that more than a negligible proportion of these could (even if they wanted to) attend a university for the sheer love of learning alone; and it seems to me immoral to ask freshmen at matriculation ceremonies to adopt such a hypocritical attitude toward their studies. For nearly all of them a degree is the gateway to a profession. It is therefore essential that they should specialise, and the university reformer who accepts this hard fact is the more likely to accomplish something useful. It is unrealistic to imagine that students have time to learn much at the university outside their specialism, whether the specialism be physics or medicine or classical archaeology. To introduce courses of potted culture, survey lectures, anthologies of other men's specialisms, is to my mind a false solution; for if a student forgoes mastery of his chosen field in favour of a dilettante acquaintanceship with half a dozen others, he is betraying university standards. Plato and Michelangelo, Newton and Whitehead, themselves specialists, would not have countenanced such a solution.

Yet we cannot just dismiss the problem, for we all admit that professional training alone does not equip a man for high responsibility. To my way of thinking there is an alternative solution, a modest and practicable one. It falls into two parts. The first part resembles one of the activities in Dr. Hutchins' Utopia. It is that we should encourage specialists not to specialise less but to communicate with one another

more; chemists talking with lawyers, medical men talking with economists, engineers talking with artists; in brief, that we should go out of our way to establish in the university opportunities for communication between specialists. And we should not give the impression that the common room is the only place where you can pick up wisdom; we should introduce students as soon as possible to the astonishing proposition that there are intelligent and highly skilled people outside the universities too, without degrees, yet doing important work in the world and somehow just as well educated; communication with these people, also, is essential and it is sometimes easier to reach them in a pub than in a common room. If you ask how shall communication inside universities be encouraged, I would answer: by subsidising really comfortable *cafés*, for a start, and giving students the opportunity to sit in it and talk by arranging that there shall be no classes for three hours in the middle of the day. This is just one of a dozen possible suggestions.

The second part of the alternative solution concerns the specialist courses themselves. When liberal education is served as a sort of separate dish beside the professional courses, there is a pervasive futility about it which students do not fail to notice. This futility might be avoided if we took the plunge and made the professional school the core of modern humanism. By this I mean teaching engineering and dentistry and agriculture as though each were the central core of knowledge (as, indeed, it is for each specialist in it), intimately related (as, indeed, all professional knowledge is) to history, economics, social philosophy, and the rest. A dental student can hardly be expected to regard dentistry as a trivial subject compared with philosophy (though to a philosopher that is doubtless just what dentistry is); but a dental student taught from the beginning to regard his subject as intimately related to public health, and so to economics, and so to international affairs, will suddenly realise the relevance of a liberal education. He will see the relevance of talking to other specialists if he can do so from the point of reference of his own specialism. Reflection on the social and moral consequences of his subject would then become an integral part of his professional course.

This is surely what is needed, for the dangers of specialisation are not intellectual but moral. I would be prepared to defend the view that the most successful organisation for promoting intercommunication between specialists in the United States of America has not been a university at all, but a thoroughly tendentious project: the Tennessee Valley Authority. There experts have to communicate because they have to translate knowledge into action. They have a moral responsibility to talk to one another.

'Habitual Vision of Greatness'

One final word. Whitehead spoke of education as providing 'the habitual vision of greatness'. Any university which could set this habitual vision of greatness before its students would have no need of reformers. There are not enough great men to go round, except in Utopia: we certainly could not provide even a brace of them for each British university. But a simple revision of the syllabus would go some way toward repairing this unavoidable defect of non-utopian societies. Let me illustrate this from a subject in which I was once a professor, botany. I believe it is possible to get a first-class honours degree in botany at any British university without ever having read a work of genius. The student must be familiar with the gist of what some of the great biologists have thought, but for that you do not need to read what they wrote; it is easier to get it out of text-books written by competent hacks. What the student must do above all is to familiarise himself with the latest research monographs, still damnable from the press, however pedestrian their authorship. But (except possibly in the essay paper, and then only by good luck) it would profit the botany student nothing to have read Darwin or Hofmeister or Linnaeus or Aristotle; and the physics student who read Newton and Rutherford would be wasting his time. How different it is for the music student, who must soak in Bach and Beethoven if he is to get a good degree; or the philosopher, who must soak in Plato and Descartes; or the classicist, who must soak in Sophocles and Thucydides and Virgil.

In the presence of genius most educational problems evaporate; yet contact with genius is not obligatory even for honours students in any university faculty except arts. I wonder whether faculties of medicine and science and technology have not still to learn a simple and vital lesson from the long tradition of the teaching of arts subjects: namely to bring the student face to face with genius.—*Third Programme*

How Automatic Control Aids Civilisation

The first of three talks by R. H. MACMILLAN

ONCE upon a time, a Hindu sage was granted by Heaven the ability to create clay men. When he took earth and water and fashioned little men, they lived and served him. But they grew very quickly, and when they were as large as himself, the sage wrote on their foreheads the word DEAD, and they fell to dust. One day he forgot to write the lethal word on the forehead of a full-grown servant, and when he realised his mistake the servant was too tall: his hand could no longer reach the slave's forehead. . . . This time it was the clay man that killed the sage.

Is there a warning for us today in this ancient fable? Are we in danger of being destroyed by our own creations? The perils of unrestricted 'push-button' warfare are apparent enough, but I also believe that the rapidly increasing part that automatic devices are playing in the peace-time industrial life of all civilised countries will in time influence their economic life in a way that is equally profound. In industry the use of automatic devices enables us to make more goods more cheaply and, ultimately, with less capital outlay. In the military sphere their application makes possible the design of equipment that could not conceivably be operated otherwise. As they are extensively used for both purposes by the rest of the world, it follows that, with our relative shortage of manpower, our only hope of retaining our position in the world is to install automatic equipment as fast as we can. Some of you probably think I am making rather sweeping assertions about the importance of automatic control. True: but I hope to justify them in the course of my talks.

But, first of all, I want to be clear about what 'automatic control'

means. A convenient way to do this is to refer to a few of the historical landmarks in the development of automatic devices. It is remarkable how long some of them have been in use; in fact, the earliest one consciously contrived is probably the control invented by the Frenchman Denis Papin in 1680, who made the first pressure cooker by placing a heavy weight on the lid of the pan. Papin was thus the originator of the steam safety valve, which is one of the simplest and most widely used of all regulators today. During the eighteenth century, various automatic regulators were applied to windmills: the fantails to turn the sails into the wind; a feathering mechanism to adjust the inclination of shutters on the sails, to control the speed; and an apparatus to lift the upper mill-wheel automatically when the speed became excessive, so as to prevent over-heating the grain. A similar mechanism, called a 'centrifugal governor', was designed by James Watt, in 1788, to control the speed of his steam engine. This was the first regulator to be employed extensively, and it is used, with comparatively minor modifications, on every engine and turbine today. There is even one to control the return speed of the automatic telephone dial. With each of these controls the principle of operation is the same; any deviation of the controlled quantity from the desired value causes the controller to take action in such a way as to reduce the deviation. The same principle was applied to regulate the flow of water to mill-wheels: when the water level became too high, a float operated a sluice gate, which allowed a greater quantity of water to by-pass the wheel.

I have mentioned regulators for controlling steam pressure, water level, and speed. But any physical quantity can be controlled, provided there is a means of measuring it and a means of adjusting it. One of the most important of these quantities is temperature. Familiar examples are the thermostats on the oven, the water heater, and the refrigerator.

Yet another domestic thermostat will serve to illustrate an important distinction between two basically different sorts of regulation. The control of a central heating system might work by using a measurement of the temperature of the house to adjust the fuel supply or boiler draught. This is a closed sequence of control, because the temperature of the house affects the heat supply, which in its turn affects the temperature. On the other hand, the thermostat might use a measurement of the conditions outside the house, increasing the fuel supply when the weather becomes colder or windier. This is an open sequence of control: the weather affects the heat supply, but the heat does not affect the weather. The success of open sequence control depends upon just the right properties being built into the controller. If the heating control takes account only of the weather, the house will get cold when a window is left open or if the thermostat is not in perfect adjustment; but the closed sequence system will continue to



The 'centrifugal governor' designed by James Watt in 1788 to control the speed of his steam engines (photographed on the Boulton and Watt Beam Engine of 1788, preserved in the Science Museum, South Kensington). It was the first automatic control to be used extensively and, with minor modifications, is still employed today. The spindle is geared to the engine, so that if its speed rises the balls are flung outward and thus operate a linkage which reduces the steam supply

Crown copyright



The Keller copying machine, introduced in 1921. It is typical of the automatic machinery whose use is a first stage towards the automatic factory. It is shown here shaping a die for pressing motor-car bodies; the contour follower on the surface of the model above guides the cutting tool on the work below

By courtesy of 'Scientific American'

work satisfactorily in spite of such disturbances, because the heat supply will be increased until the house does reach the temperature desired. A closed sequence control incorporates feedback, that is, the results of its own actions are fed back to the regulator and modify its further behaviour.

The controls I have mentioned so far have all been regulators. Another important group is used for position control. The earliest of these were steam operated and were used to provide greater forces than a man could apply unaided. The hydraulic valve, which is the essential feature of these early position controls, originated with young Humphrey Potter. In 1713, he was in charge of one of the steam pumping engines invented by Thomas Newcomen. Potter's job was to open and close, at the right moments, the valves that admitted and exhausted the steam. He noticed that admission was always needed when the piston was in one position and exhaust when it was in another, and this led him to the idea of making a link between the piston and the valves to get his job done automatically.

Steering Early Steam Ships

Developments of Humphrey Potter's mechanism have been used on every steam engine since, and it was also adapted for use on the steering motors designed for the early steam ships. These motors, which assisted the helmsman to move the large rudders, were the first major development of automatic control after Watt's governor. In 1868 Brunel's vessel, the *Great Eastern*, was so fitted, the movement of the rudder being controlled remotely by the position of the helmsman's wheel. The force to turn the rudder was provided by steam pressure in a cylinder, with entry of the steam controlled by a valve mechanism derived from Potter's. The novelty and ingenuity of the apparatus consisted in the fact that there was a further device, called a 'follow-up' linkage, which caused the steam valve to be progressively closed by the motion of the rudder. As a result, by the time it had reached the position indicated by the wheel, the valve was again fully closed; so no further steam was admitted to the cylinder, and the rudder came to rest in the desired position.

This 'follow-up' mechanism is another instance of negative feedback, an indication of the actual position of the rudder being fed back to the desired position and subtracted from it, to control the subsequent motion. A feedback linkage was also used by the Frenchman, Joseph Farcot, in his invention for powered steering. Describing this in 1872, he wrote: 'We thought it necessary to give a new and characteristic name to this novel mechanism and have called it a servo, or enslaved, motor'. Farcot was thus undoubtedly the originator of the name servomotor, which is now commonly used for a powered position controller. The name is apt, because the motor must follow every movement the operator demands.

We have seen that the earliest servomotors used steam for their motive power, because it was conveniently available. But compressed air or oil under high pressure can also be used. A. B. Brown of Rosebank, Edinburgh, patented the first of these—a hydraulic steering device—in 1870. Designers of large or high-speed modern aircraft are faced with the same problem of providing sufficient force to move the rudder and other control surfaces, and in recent years hydraulic servomotors of much the same type have been used to assist the aircraft pilot.

Military Needs as Stimulant to Research

Military needs have been one of the main stimulants to research in servo-mechanisms and one of the most important milestones here is Robert Whitehead's torpedo depth control, a very advanced design for its time. An aneroid capsule detected the water pressure, and thence the depth to which the torpedo was submerged; the movements of this capsule operated the fins, which caused the torpedo to climb or dive, as might be required. But the fins were not controlled solely by the capsule: in 1869 a pendulum was added and so arranged as to measure the inclination of the torpedo; the movements of this pendulum were also coupled to the fin control, so causing a marked improvement in performance. The inclination of the torpedo is a measure of the rate at which its depth is changing and I will explain in my next talk why one would expect a knowledge of this to be helpful; here we have the first use of an important principle that is frequently applied in modern automatic controls.

In its original form, the torpedo fins were moved by a direct mechanical linkage from the capsule and pendulum. Later a servomotor, operated by compressed air, was incorporated in the control. To under-

stand why this complication was necessary we must remember that a servomotor acts as a power amplifier, because, though its movements follow its input, the force behind them is greatly increased. This capacity for power amplification is one of the most useful properties of servomotors, for not only can they be used to provide controlled power far greater than could be obtained manually, but they also make it possible to use minute, fly-power signals. This is often necessary in remote control applications, as it is not usually convenient to transmit large amounts of power.

Power amplification also permits the detection of signals without disturbing unduly the delicate instruments that produce them. The pneumatic servomotor in the torpedo depth control increased the force available to move the fins, and reduced the disturbing reaction on the control—the sensitive capsule and pendulum. A servomotor was also necessary to reduce undesirable reactions in the ship's gyro-compass because any disturbance of the gyroscope would have completely ruined its direction-finding property. The presence of the servomotor also made it possible to have repeating compasses at various stations in the ship, operated by a single master.

If it is left undisturbed, the axis of a gyroscope remains fixed in direction, a property used by Sperry as the basis of the first automatic pilot for aircraft. He designed this only a year or two after Blériot first flew the Channel. Movements of the aircraft relative to the gyro reference direction were detected with the least possible disturbance and the control surfaces operated through servomotors. Similar principles are applied in modern automatic pilots, except that it is common practice now to measure, as with Whitehead's depth control, not only the altitude of the aircraft, but also its rate of change.

Electric Servomotors

Until twenty or so years ago most servomotors were operated hydraulically or mechanically, but since then many systems have had electric servomotors and electronic amplifiers, both of which sometimes offer considerable advantages. Electronic amplification makes it possible to use signals of extremely low power level, such as those available from radio and radar. The transmission of electrical signals is simple and they are easily modified, by special circuits, to improve the performance of the control system. Listeners benefit from the automatic volume control on their radio set. This is an electric circuit which measures the strength of the incoming signal received by the aerial and, when the signal decreases, it prevents fading by automatically increasing the amplification in the set. A further advantage of electrical control is that many useful measuring instruments, such as the photoelectric cell, have electrical outputs, and it is natural to make the remainder of the system electrical, especially as electric motors are usually much more easily designed and manufactured than hydraulic ones. Compared with a hydraulic motor, however, an electric one of equal power is bulky and slow in response. Furthermore, electrical energy is more difficult to store than compressed air; so that mechanical control systems are unlikely to be entirely superseded.

The most extensive and elaborate application of electrical control has been to guide the motion of naval and anti-aircraft guns. When these guns are fired they must point ahead of the target, towards the position it is expected to occupy when the shell reaches it: this is achieved by comparing, all the time, the actual gun direction with the target future direction, as predicted by an electronic computer; when the two differ, suitable corrective signals are sent to the servomotors that move the gun.

The relative simplicity of electronic design has greatly increased the attractiveness of automatic controls in industry, where they are now used for regulating numerous physical quantities such as voltage, speed, tension, temperature, and acidity. Provided that methods can be found for determining quickly, accurately, and continuously the present state of the condition to be regulated, electronic means can readily be used to effect control. The ultimate objective of industrial control is the fully automatic factory. To trace its evolution, we must go back to the end of the eighteenth century when the Yorkshireman Joseph Bramah collaborated with Henry Maudslay in producing the screw-cutting lathe, a machine in which the cutting tool is automatically moved steadily along the material being turned.

In 1818 Thomas Blanchard developed the copying lathe, a machine to cut irregular shapes by copying a metal model. As all the force to move the cutting tool was furnished by pressure against the model itself, it soon became worn and it was costly to make a mechanism strong

enough to move the tool accurately. These disadvantages are overcome in the Keller copying machine, introduced in 1921. A cutting tool, driven by a hydraulic servomotor, is constrained to repeat every movement of a detecting finger which follows a path along the surface of a wooden model, bearing lightly upon it. The development of the automatic machinery of which this is typical is a first stage towards the automatic factory. To achieve this, other processes that have been mechanised include the handling of materials, and their inspection, which involves sorting them by weight, colour, and size; checking defects, remedying them, and passing information back to previous processes to prevent the mistake being repeated; they also include automatic assembly and packaging.

The first industry to be extensively mechanised was food manufacture, and it still uses by far the greatest proportion of automatic equipment. In 1833, biscuit making for the Royal Navy was mechanised, and the continuous monorail for pork packing was introduced in Chicago in 1869. Though designed for the dismemberment of hogs, this was the forerunner of today's assembly line, which has made possible the mass-production of motor-cars. Since 1951, a fully automatic plant, manufacturing aluminum pistons for lorry engines, has been operating in Russia: chunks of metal are fed to the furnaces at one end of the line, and pistons, packed ready for shipment, emerge at the other, untouched by hand throughout the process of manufacture. Even the removal of waste metal from the machines is automatic.

The essential feature of this mechanisation is that the product is kept moving through the plant, as it is subjected to successive treatments. This substitution of a continuous flow for separate processes has been developed to perfection in modern chemical plant, as in the

production of plastics or petrol. Such plant demands the most elaborate control, which is achieved nowadays in this way: the reading from a gauge, registering temperature, pressure, or flow at some point on the plant, is transmitted to a central control room, where a pneumatic device called a 'process controller' receives this information and computes what action should be taken. This decision is transmitted continuously to the servomotor on the plant, whose task it is to act upon these instructions.

The adjustment of process controllers to get the best results is often critical, and this is one aspect of automatic control I have not mentioned so far, but it is of the utmost importance. The question is the size of error that will produce any definite amount of corrective action: the more sensitive the control, the smaller the error needed to do this. It is often advantageous for the control to be made as sensitive as possible, for residual errors, caused by mechanical friction, for example, are thereby reduced, and also the response to disturbances becomes more rapid: the system is, in fact, under tighter control.

Provided the necessary power is available, there is no objection to increasing the sensitivity of an open sequence control. But with a closed sequence system, there is a serious drawback, for this reason. When an attempt is made to increase the sensitivity of a perfectly well-behaved system, a stage is reached at which it suddenly begins to oscillate violently. This is because ever-increasing signals can circulate round the closed control loop, much as a puppy chasing its own tail will go faster and faster, until it can go no more quickly.

In my next talk I shall explain in more detail when and how these self-excited oscillations can occur, and will describe what can be done to prevent them.—*Third Programme*

Victorian Humanity

The Victorian Conscience

By NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

THE Victorian age has suffered more from generalisations than any other era: the temptation seems irresistible. Unhappily, to generalise about the Victorians is to mislead as much as to illuminate. The period possessed no natural unity—it was one of ceaseless change, each thesis faithfully producing its antithesis so that one emerges from its study with a sense of escape from a Hegelian nightmare, in which no synthesis was ever attained. The age of the evangelicals was also that of the Anglo-Catholics and the Oxford Movement—Carlyle and Pater were both Victorians—the century that had opened with the individualism of Bentham ended with the socialism and collectivism of Morris and Hyndman. But, when this has been said, one characteristic quality can be detached which binds together figures as diverse as those of William Wilberforce, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Arnold, and to which Halevy attributed the stability of an age of doubt and revolution, namely, an intense moral seriousness. The criticism of life from a moral standpoint was as typical of the great Victorian agnostics as it was of those who remained in, or later embraced, orthodoxy. All George Eliot's work, despite the irregularity of her private life, bears the stamp of the twin ideas of moral responsibility and retribution, and it was John Morley, an agnostic, who led the attack on Swinburne, branding him as 'the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs'.

Nothing illustrates this moral austerity better than the Victorian attitude to sex. An ever-widening toleration of the expression of hetero-

dox opinion in religion and politics was matched by a fierce intolerance of free discussion about sexual relationships and morality. We still bear the marks of this attitude—since Victorian times the word 'immoral' in English usage has only one, unmistakable, meaning. Victorian morality swiftly declined into prudery and obscurantism, although there is no necessary connection between these attitudes. The 'moral aesthetic' of Ruskin had little in common with the crude didacticism of a painter such as Watts, yet it was Ruskin who denounced the study of anatomy by art students as not only misleading but degrading. From the 'forties the Victorian conscience grew ever more tender about social problems and abuses, but of the problems raised by sexual relationships it remained resolutely unaware.

This attitude is best reflected in the literature of the period and especially in the contemporary novel. 'Dickens', wrote Walter Bagehot, 'describes London like a special correspondent for posterity'. Posterity can learn as much from what Dickens left out as from what he put in. Humphry House has written of the Victorian underworld as 'drenched in sex', but one would never guess this from reading *Oliver Twist*. In his introduction to the 1841 edition Dickens proclaimed that he had 'banished from the lips of the lowest character I introduced any expression that could by possibility offend'. But it is not only language that is modified, the whole character of Nancy is falsified so as not to offend the susceptibilities of his readers. Nancy is plainly a prostitute, but her relations with Bill Sikes are only hinted at,



A NOVEL FACT

OLD-FASHIONED PARTY (with old-fashioned prejudices): 'Ah! Very clever, I dare say. But I see it's written by a lady, and I want a book that my daughters may read. Give me something else!'

A cartoon of the eighteen-sixties

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and it is too much to believe that those with Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger would have had no sexual content. In his introduction Dickens did state plainly that Nancy was a prostitute, but even this declaration was omitted from the 1867 edition.

This is but a single example of the completely false picture of sexual life given by Victorian novelists, a blemish far more serious than a mere verbal prudery. Victorian love scenes suffer from a peculiar lack of passion, and when George Eliot allowed her heroine's lover in *The Mill on the Floss* to kiss her arm, she was rebuked by the *Saturday* for describing an incident which could arouse only 'repulsion' in the mind of the reader. Thackeray, unlike Dickens, complained bitterly in his preface to *Pendennis*, and elsewhere, of the cramping effect of convention on the novelist's art:

Since the author of Tom Jones [he wrote] was buried no writer of fiction among-us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper.

Thackeray was skilful enough to exploit the squeamish conventions of his readers, and in *Vanity Fair* took in even the formidable Lady Eastlake, who contrasted him favourably in *The Quarterly* with the author of *Jane Eyre*, but Walter Bagehot was not deceived. 'He never', wrote Bagehot,

violates a single conventional rule; but at the same time the shadow of the immorality that is not seen is scarcely ever wanting to his delineation of the society that is seen. Mr. Dickens is chargeable with no such defect—he does not seem to feel the temptation.

Bagehot's censorious attitude is typical of Victorian literary criticism and, indeed, of criticism of the arts in general. Literary criticism is as valuable to the social historian as literature itself, for if literature reflects an age, criticism shows what the age thought of itself so reflected. The continuous Victorian outcries against immoral poetry and novels have in fact been described as 'the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in the glass'. When Mrs. Gaskell in *Ruth* made a heroine of a fallen woman she committed in the eyes of the reviewers not only a tactical error but a mortal sin. Meredith aroused an outburst of fury for dealing realistically with married life in his poem *Modern Love*. Even Tennyson was reproached for pitching *Maud* in a tone of extravagant sensibility.

These aberrations can be understood only if one realises that Victorian criticism of the arts was moral rather than aesthetic. Gautier may have declared contemptuously, '*le drame ce n'est pas un chemin de fer*', but Gautier was a Frenchman, and Englishmen preferred the view of Carlyle when he wrote:

The fine arts too like the coarse, and every art of man's God-given faculty are to understand that they are sent hither not to fib and dance but to speak and work.

It was not until 1873, when Pater published his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, that autonomy was claimed for art, and even he suppressed his 'conclusion' for fifteen years lest, in his own words, 'It might mislead some of the young men into whose hands it might fall'. The Victorians recognised an enemy when they saw one and Pater was widely attacked, but Englishmen do not take theories of art seriously and it was only when the 'morality of art' found tangible expression in the writings of the French realists and naturalists such as Zola, that their fury was aroused. The aesthetes and the naturalists had this in common; they both rejected any moral criterion for art outside the work itself, but the fury was reserved for the naturalists because they strayed into the forbidden pastures of sex relationships. Realism in itself was not the target, indeed English realists such as Coventry Patmore and the Russians such as Tolstoy were favourably contrasted with the immoral French writers, 'those shameless pur-

vveyors of hideous garbage', as they were described by a contemporary.

What caused this moral asceticism to which the majority of English writers until Moore and Hardy, some meekly, others reluctantly, submitted? We think of this attitude as Victorian, but its chief characteristics were dominant years before the Queen ascended the throne. In his essay on 'The Age of Tennyson' G. M. Young pointed out that as early as 1805 the Germans had coined a word '*Engländerie*' to convey the same meaning as our own 'Victorianism'. The Evangelical revival was a recrudescence of that puritanism which since the Reformation has been a perennial element in English life, but where puritans had attacked the stage, evangelicals denounced the novel. Evangelical periodicals of the time are filled with attacks on novel reading as distracting and disintegrating. 'Novels', said the *Evangelical Magazine* in 1793, 'generally speaking are instruments of abomination and ruin'. Arthur Young complained that such reading had 'unhinged his mind' and Joshua Collins in 1800 doubted whether 'any fictitious representation of life and manners ought to be put into the hands of youth'. Such absurdities were not, of course, generally accepted, but their constant

repetition did create the view that literature was a threat to moral integrity unless kept within strict limits, and that it was only to be tolerated if it served a wider moral purpose. The immediate result of evangelical views was the expurgation of Shakespeare by Bowdler and his Cambridge contemporary Plumtree. Shakespeare's frivolous 'Under the Greenwood tree who loves to lie with me', to give only one example, was changed into the improving 'Under the greenwood tree who loves to work with me'.

Fear of the French Revolution brought the evangelicals unexpected allies, and caused the upper and middle classes to reform their manners. The *Annual Register* for 1798 noted the surprise of the 'lower orders' on seeing the avenues to the churches filled with the carriages of the

newly converted. These fears survived the defeat of Napoleon and found expression in the attacks launched against Byron and Shelley. The attacks show clearly the connection between anti-Jacobinism and the new moral orthodoxy, as do the articles and reviews published in *The Quarterly*, which had been founded in 1809. Nor were such views confined to the upper classes—it was Durham miners who in the 'nineties burnt Tom Paine in effigy.

Evangelical distrust of literature was reinforced by the other great seminal movement of the period, Benthamism. The rise of evangelical piety in religion had been paralleled by the growth of utilitarian ideals in politics, and although separated on doctrinal grounds they had many practical points in common. As Dicey has shown, they were both individualist, humanitarian, and anti-traditionalist. Above all, they both propagated a constricted view of life, whether the achievement of spiritual salvation or material happiness, to the attainment of which literature and the arts were equally irrelevant.

Benthamite views on literature were expressed in the *Westminster Review*, founded in 1824, and their spirit is epitomised in Mill's reproach of Hume for allowing himself to become 'enslaved by literature . . . which without regard for truth or utility seeks only to excite emotion'.

After 1822, however, the period of reaction had ended and one would expect the growing political liberalism to have been matched by a similar relaxation in the sphere of convention and morals, but this did not take place. Some explanation of this continued rigidity must be attempted, and one does not have to look far to find it. Fear of foreign-inspired revolution may have subsided, but it had been replaced by another fear, that of the newly expanded underworld. Rapid industrialisation was creating an urban proletariat divorced from country



BRITISH PROPRIETY
HAWKER: 'Book o' the words, my Lady. Hortherized copy. The Dam o' Camelleers!'
MRS. JONES: (for the benefit of the bystanders): 'Oh no, thank you. We've come to see the acting, we do not wish to understand the play!'

A cartoon of 1881

Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of 'Punch'

life, and therefore from tradition and from religious and moral standards. In 1832 Greville was writing about the 'rotten foundations on which this gorgeous society rests', and if we, too, often forget this unstable side of nineteenth-century life, contemporaries could not but be aware of it, although they were reluctant to face its implications.

The Victorian era, it must be remembered, was the great period both for prostitution and pornography, and although these evils had existed before, they had never before been present on such a scale. It was not until the eighteen-eighties that Stead forced the Victorians to discuss publicly the prostitution problem, and he was rewarded with imprisonment by an outraged public, but that Victorians were aware privately of the extent of prostitution is shown by numerous entries in diaries and letters of the time. As for pornography, a trade centred in the inappropriately named Holywell Street, its forms varied from gross pictures and magazines to the obscene snuff boxes bought in large quantities not only by Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates but even by the inmates of ladies' seminaries. Against this menace, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, dubbed by Sydney Smith 'the society for suppression of the vices of those whose income does not exceed five hundred pounds a year', waged a ceaseless struggle, especially in the first thirty years of the century, and were assisted later by Lord Campbell who in 1857 persuaded parliament to pass his Obscene Publications Act.

A Means of Self Defence

It is possible, then, to interpret Victorian conventions about sex as a necessary means of self defence, adopted to prevent subjugation by the underworld. Considered against the actual background of social conditions the notion of 'respectability' loses much of its stuffiness and hypocrisy and can be re-appraised as a valuable and even a moral social ideal. 'Respectability' not only protected middle-class standards, but enabled the skilled worker to rise above and keep himself distinct from the amorphous mass of the industrial proletariat. In propagating this ideal amongst the 'lower orders' Lord Brougham's Mechanics Institutes and Samuel Smiles' gospel of Self Help were equally influential. If this be an explanation of Victorian conventions in general it also goes some way towards accounting for their literary reticence. A contemporary reviewer in *Fraser's*, writing in October 1851, comments on the impossibility of an English novelist's writing on themes such as those chosen by George Sand for *Lelia* or *Indiana*. Such a novel, he wrote, 'would sink at once to Holywell Street and contempt'.

I have stressed the importance of evangelical religion and fear of the underworld in the formation of the Victorian conscience: these two forces combined to bring about the cult of the family. Evangelicalism may have had its platform triumphs but above all it was the religion of the home. To paraphrase Augustine Birrel, it was not the Mass but family prayers that mattered. As for the underworld the family, and the larger the better, stood as a bulwark against it. Of this ideal the royal family provided a splendid exemplar, and it is significant, apart from questions of metre, that when Tennyson praised the Queen, he reversed that natural order and hailed her as 'mother, wife and queen', putting 'mother' first.

The family cult led to family literature, and reviewers reflected with satisfaction that whereas in France novels were written for adults in England they were written for the family. We can see in our own day the restricting effect on television programmes of family viewing: one recalls the outcry against George Orwell's 1984: the custom of reading out loud to a family gathering had a similar effect on Victorian literature. This custom remained popular until the increasing distractions and complexities of modern life made it no longer possible, but at least some of my listeners will remember it from their youth. 'I pass my day in my study or in the fields', wrote Thomas Moore; 'after dinner I read to Bessie for a couple of hours and we are at present (in this way) going through Miss Edgeworth's works'. It is important to remember that the middle-class dining hour was between six and seven, and this gave time for a long period of reading before the family retired to bed. The court dined at eight, but this did not become fashionable until later in the century. Inevitably, the criterion of a good book became its fitness to be read aloud in the family circle. Thus the test of what could be inserted in a novel became what a parent could read aloud to his children in the sanctity of his own home. No wonder writers were reticent!

The family spread its tentacles wide and entailed the magazines and circulating libraries. In the 'sixties *MacMillans* and the *Cornhill* were selling for a shilling, and their editors, with an eye to circulation, were quick to exclude from their serialised fiction—then the most popular

method of publishing novels—any incidents or language which might prove shocking to family ears. Dickens, himself an editor, declined, in a letter written to Wilkie Collins, to give evidence for Charles Reade in a libel action arising out of the attacks on *Griffith Gaunt*. He admitted that the book was a work of art, but added that as an editor he would have been unable to pass the criticised passages. Hardy came up against the editors when publishing *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, and had to expurgate both. As for the libraries, the chief of which were Mudies and Smiths, both founded in the 'forties, they were equally anxious about family welfare. The basis of their power was the three-volume, 31s. 6d. novel, in which form a novel previously serialised would finally appear. No one wanted to pay so much for a novel, and the result was a library monopoly. Edmund Gosse invented a new word to describe the librarians' attitude: 'Mudietis'; and W. H. Smith, from his zeal for the purity of his railway bookstalls, was nicknamed 'The North-Western Missionary' and 'Old Morality'. George Moore attacked the librarians in a brilliantly entitled pamphlet, *Circulating Morals*, but they did not care: they had the family to consider.

The Victorian age is now sufficiently remote to be objectively considered: indeed it is more remote than one thinks, because it had passed a decade before the great Queen's death. The aesthetic and decadent movements marked its demise, and when Vizetelly was imprisoned for publishing Zola this savagery sprang from a realised weakness not from strength. The old conventions and restraints had lost their power. To us Victorian reticence seems rather ridiculous, but if we see it in the context of its time, and take into account the forces which produced it, we may incline to the view that if it was not desirable it may well have been necessary.—*Third Programme*

The Kitchen Sink

Everything but this is finally
Superfluous, this rectangular
Whirlpool of stained, chipped,
Cold alabaster, this white-glazed,
Borborygmie belly of the house,
In which our grit and filth are sluiced:
Lashings of suds and swabs of grease,
Torrents of tea-leaf, deserts of peelings,
Pots of sweat and pints of spit,
Night-flesh hawked from the washings of hands
And knees soiled by the black scabs
Of the city's dirt; dashings of faces
Fixed in the grimy death-mask of suitable niceness,
Rinsings and swillings of hot
Heads ached by the rigor of dust, and fingers
Rancid with fevered pennies—
All mucked in and darkly digested,
Sucked down and dredged in the house's hole
That ravens for stuff and gargles
Its rumbling hunger when fed
With the bread-sops of unwanted plenty.

When in the stinking street I turn
From the words the hands the glances and the faces,
Here at the kitchen sink I burn
The day's contamination and the midnight's grime
In the pounce of tapwater, expiate
My hideous crime, refresh my perished soul
By a divine lustration, offering
The burden of my filth, the joy
Of washing hands that dirty hands alone can give,
The spewed-up bile, the sweet sweat and sour tears
That are the ghosts of work and life
Upon this altar of my purification
That in the stillness of my jungle house
I reverently tend, and scrub and feed and scour
With the dregs of hope, hour by hour by hour.

JAMES KIRKUP

You and Your Neighbour

Who Is My Neighbour?

The first of four talks by V. A. DEMANT

PEOPLE often say that Christianity is nothing else than being kind to others, as if that were a simple, easy thing that anyone can do if they want to. It does come naturally in certain circumstances, and there are many acts of kindness done every day by people of all religions and by those who have none. That is because there is in human nature a double impulse: we have a sense of benevolence or fellow-feeling which is called out by those we care about or who excite our compassion; but there is also our self-regard or egoism which often overcomes our benevolence; and when men are callous or cruel it is because this fellow-feeling has been replaced by fear and aggression—as a fairly permanent habit. So it is a characteristic of all men to have sometimes a battle between their fellow-feeling and their egoism; the fellow-feeling triumphs in favourable circumstances and the egoism in trying ones.

People 'Sent by God'

It is, therefore, not only Christian men who are kind to others or know they ought to be. But there is a distinguishing mark of a Christian in his relation to others. It has to do with the Christian meaning of the word 'neighbour'. First of all, he sees his neighbour in many unlikely people; he sees this or that person as sent to him by God to be his neighbour, and he seeks to remember this when the neighbour does not call out his natural fellow-feeling. Then, secondly, the Christian sees him in a different way; 'neighbour' means something particular in the Christian language. That is what I am going to expound in these four talks.

First of all, then, who is my neighbour? That was the question put by the lawyer to Jesus Christ. We do not know whether the man was moved by a genuine desire for enlightenment or whether his question was one of those we often ask to evade a decision we know we have to make. We are told he was anxious to justify himself. Anyhow, Jesus assumed it was a genuine enquiry and His reply took the form of the parable of the Good Samaritan. The answer that story gives is that the despised foreigner is neighbour to the wounded man by the wayside. The point is missed if you read it as if the neighbour is the one that needs your help. He often does, but that is not what makes him your neighbour. No, this or that person is your neighbour because God has sent him or her into the orbit of your existence and awareness. Many different kinds of people cross and touch our lives, but it takes some training in Christianity to recognise them as sent by God; and still more training to recognise as neighbours those who are against us as well as those who are with us.

I suppose it is the man and woman next door who first comes to mind when the term 'neighbour' is heard—and our English word means one who lives near. This is your neighbour by geography, and so are those of your own street or town or country. But we must notice that this sort of proximity or nearness is not the cause of fellow-feeling; indeed, you will feel more friendly to folk at a distance if the man next door uses your garden as a rubbish heap or disturbs you with his noise. There is a sort of illusion among many well-meaning people and some innocent reformers that if only human beings could get closer to each other, know one another better, have greater bonds of communication, common opinions and habits, physical or linguistic nearness—then all this would make for harmony and love instead of discord and suspicion. Often, surely, we get to know each other only too well—and a little barrier of ignorance might be more for peace making. It depends entirely on what people say or do, what kind of persons they are, whether nearness or distance, knowledge or ignorance makes for neighbourliness or ill feeling. So we have to learn to see as neighbour him or her or them whom God sends to us through geographical proximity.

Besides geography, there are other kinds of bond we have to consider. We do not, for example, so easily see the need to find the neighbour in those to whom we are linked by nature or attraction. We tend to think that the bond of blood or affection is enough in order to be in right relations with other members of our family. It is perhaps

in this kind of tie that we find it hardest to know the other one as a unique person in his own right—and not just as father or mother, brother or sister, husband or wife, son or daughter. We slip into thinking that they matter only for their relationship to us. Many a man has never learnt to see his father as a real person with his own individuality, and many a marriage has been wrecked because one or both parties have taken for granted that mutual attraction and a wedding should have solved all the problems of living together. In this matter of love of man and woman each has put so much emotional capital into it that the other partner is seen as an investment of our own, to pay us dividends. We can be frightfully nice, even then; but that is not the same thing as knowing this man or this woman to whom we are bound by the close bonds of sexual union, of love, marriage, and perhaps a family—knowing him or her as one like myself, with a meaning of his or her own. Here, too, we have to cultivate the art of seeing as neighbours those whom God has sent to us through these very close ties of nature and love.

There is another type of fellow-being. It is those we meet in association, with whom we do things together in our work, our interests, our buying and selling, our play and our citizenship. Some we know, most we do not. But their lives and ours are tied up together, tightly or loosely. With a few we can be in personal contact; with most of them we have to be neighbourly by a kind of impersonal justice and social responsibility. It is here that we find some neighbourly relations getting in conflict with wider ones: loyalty to family, or class, or nation becomes a cause of enmity to others. It is a mighty rare achievement to be truly neighbourly all round; to understand, for instance, that cryptic old Jewish saying: 'Listen to your enemy; it is God who speaks'. But if that is perhaps possible only to those of great spiritual development, I ought to remind you that Christian civilisation, by sanctifying some good impulses of the ancient world, did develop even the faculty of regarding the enemy as a neighbour. So while you fought him for a limited aim which you believed just, you did not destroy the civil life of his community in order to beat him militarily. There has been a dreadful deterioration from this idea since the eighteenth century. But that is leading us far afield; let us return to the personal aspect.

Cultivating Another Outlook

Having found our neighbour in anyone with whom God has put us into contact, how are we to think of him? For one thing, we distinguish clearly between his being our neighbour from his being useful or congenial to us and from our being fond of him or her—in love or friendship. These things bring people together; they do not necessarily lead people to see each other as neighbours in the Christian sense. In order to do that, another outlook has to be cultivated. The Gospel calls it plainly 'loving our neighbour as ourself'. If you think of it, our self-love is something unlike our love of those who are attractive to us. Sometimes our self-love is at its worst when we are not at all liking ourselves; in fact, it is more like self-hate than self-love—and then we take it out of people round us, often even out of those we are most devoted to.

What is more, self-love may have a good or bad shape. We may love for ourselves faithfulness to God, heroism, and integrity; we may love for ourselves the good opinion of others, comfort, wealth, or power; or, again, indulgence. I think our civilisation has encouraged us to think it is this second set of things we want for the neighbour; and it is not the most satisfying lot. We may also want for ourselves secret evils which we do not divulge. Which of all these is it to be that we want for our neighbours? It may look as if it is not much guide to us to be told to love the neighbour as we love ourself. One way out of the difficulty is to understand the Bible as saying, 'love your neighbour for he is one such as yourself'. Then how shall I treat him, unless I know what it is to be a self? It may be that we only discover what it really is to be a self by seeing it mirrored in the neighbour we love.

But I want to conclude by mentioning two pieces of Christian teaching about what is common to me and my neighbour. Here is one: I am

made in the image of God; so is my neighbour. What does this image mean? It is the dignity each man has because of the principle of freedom in him. He is not like a weed or a rag, to be thrown away when no longer serviceable, but a being with a self, a will, and a mind—and this gives him a certain delegated likeness to the Creator. It does not make him good—it just makes him human—and he can use this freedom to be bad, in order to say 'no' to God and to do damage to his own true nature. But this image, with great powers for good or evil, merits a proper regard and respect; we take off our hats to it, for it is a wonderful mystery; and the best in democracy means that this its freedom must not be crushed even by majority notions of the good society. In brief, my neighbour's humanity is of the same derivation as mine, for in both it reflects our divine heritage.

The second thing is this: my neighbour and I are not only human beings; each is a particular person, and this, too, has to be seen in the light of God's will. In order to love him I must not only have a reverence for his humanity; I must also have a disinterested regard for his vocation, that is to say, the kind of life to which he is called as a unique being. He has purposes which are not my purposes, a value and significance which are not confined to his usefulness to me or

even to society. What is more, I must be ready to allow him his vocation even if I think it is mistaken. There are two figures in the New Testament who show us what a vocation means. One was the rich young ruler. He said he had obeyed the call which God gives to all men, namely to keep the commandments. But he was told by Christ that he had to learn not only what is the common obedience of all men, but also the kind of life which God intended to be fulfilled in him in a particular way—in his case it was to sell all his goods and to be a disciple without any ties of possession. Then there was the apostle St. Peter. He had to learn that the following of Christ was not the same for himself as for his brother apostle St. John. 'What shall this man do?' he asked when told he would die for his loyalty to Christ, and the Lord gave answer: 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me'.

Thus there is a great deal in answering the question 'Who is my neighbour?' We could sum it up in a saying of Tolstoy: 'The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will have dealings with anyone else'. Next week I shall tell how we grow a disposition by which this knowledge can become a second nature.

—Home Service

Olive Schreiner: her Life and Ideals

By WILLIAM PLOMER

GENERAL SMUTS, who knew Olive Schreiner, thought she was like Emily Brontë—'a flame', he said, 'which burnt too fiercely'. Both women were daughters of poor clergymen living in remote places. Each was to earn her living by teaching. Each first wrote under a man's name, had a powerful imagination, and is chiefly remembered by one highly original book. But there would be little point in pursuing the comparison further: it would soon break down.

Everybody who knew Olive Schreiner agrees that she was intense and lively, with big, expressive eyes, a quick mind, and a warm heart. Her figure was stocky, she did not dress well, and she does not seem to have bothered about veils, gloves, and ornaments: she was interested in trying to improve the world, not in trying to look elegant. Yet there is a photograph of her as a young girl which is all grace, alertness, and charm; and something radiant and noble shone out of her face even when she was physically worn out at the end of her life.

Olive Schreiner's name is chiefly remembered in connection with her novel, *The Story of an African Farm*. To have written a novel that is still being read after more than seventy years—that in itself is a step towards immortality. *The Story of an African Farm* was one of the very first sustained pieces of imaginative writing to come out of what used to be called 'the Colonies'. This intense and original work, with its unfamiliar subject-matter and its excited style, was written by a solitary, half-educated girl living at an enormous distance from England. And yet it was very much of its time, the early eighteen-eighties. Besides reacting strongly to her surroundings, Olive Schreiner had begun to grapple fiercely, and all by herself, with ideas that were then being discussed far away by persons with enquiring minds and advanced opinions. Perhaps it would be more exact to speak of Olive Schreiner's 'ideals' rather than her 'ideas' because the reformer and

propagandist in her eventually got the better of the thinker and artist.

What else did she write? There is an early novel, and also a long, unfinished one, both published after her death. This long one is called *From Man to Man*, and she spent about forty years not finishing it. It contains some striking scenes and passages; like all her work it is full of feeling—and preaching; it deserves to be better known: but it is unwieldy and half-formed, like a huge block of stone from which a sculptor has failed to release the heroic figures he knows it to contain. She also published allegories, and a number of pamphlets and essays on political and social themes.

Her life is to be thought of in terms of struggle rather than of

happiness. Her father was the son of a shoemaker near Stuttgart. He came to England to be a missionary, and married the daughter of an English dissenting minister. Gottlob Schreiner was a poor man, good, unworldly, somewhat innocent. His wife was small and managing—no doubt she had to be. They went out to the Cape in 1838 and carried on their missionary work round about Busutoland. Mrs. Schreiner gave birth to a good many children, of whom I think eight survived. One of Olive's sisters was famous as a social worker, and her brother William was an eminent lawyer who became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

Olive was born in the Wittebergen, a wild and mountainous region, so rugged as to make the Brontës' Yorkshire, scenically at least, seem almost as tame as a suburb. The place was exposed to violent thunderstorms, and between the Schreiners' primitive dwelling and their primitive church rose a lightning conductor. Olive said later that her childhood was bitter and dark, and it is known that her mother was repressive and even cruel to her. I have just been reading a book* by Marion Friedmann, a South African psychologist, who explains all Olive Schreiner's writings as a lifelong protest against her mother, unconsciously identified by Olive with all authority, whether human or divine, and



Olive Schreiner, the centenary of whose birth is being celebrated this year

* *Olive Schreiner: A Study in Latent Meanings*. By Marion V. Friedmann. Johannesburg: Witwatersrand University Press

all oppression. Olive Schreiner suffered grievously from asthma, a complaint which is thought in some cases to be connected with an unsatisfactory relationship between a child and one of its parents. From a very early age this particular child had an unsatisfied craving for affection. If that craving had been satisfied why should she have rebelled, even in childhood, as she did, against conventional standards of belief and behaviour?

At sixteen she took the first of a series of posts as a governess on lonely farms. At seventeen she became engaged for a short time to a man about whom little is known. Nobody seems to know exactly why the engagement was broken off, or precisely what effect the shock of his behaviour had in helping to form her forceful views about the wrongs done to women.

Friendship with Havelock Ellis

When she was twenty-six she went to England, taking with her the manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*. After being rejected by three publishers it was accepted by a fourth on the advice of his distinguished reader, George Meredith. It appeared in 1883, it was soon reprinted, and was much talked about. She became a celebrity, but she aroused disapproval as well as admiration: at a lending library near the Crystal Palace the lady subscribers made such a fuss that the librarian burnt the book. Since then it has been reprinted over and over again. It has a place of its own in English literature, and a pre-eminent place in South African literature. Her novel brought her, among other things, an intimate friendship with Havelock Ellis. She was in sympathy with Ellis' pioneering, scientific approach to sexual problems, although she herself held rather soulful and exalted views about love. She found in Ellis understanding and sympathy, but they evidently did not find in each other any sure grounds for the hope of a lifelong partnership.

It might have been expected that having made a name in London she would have followed up her success. But she was incapable of exploiting social opportunities, or of calculating her literary advancement, or indeed of settling down to steady work. She was made dreadfully restless by asthma and the emotional frustration and tension which apparently caused it, and after a few years she went back to Africa, perhaps mainly in the hope of better health. There, when she was nearly thirty-nine, she married a man seven years younger than herself, Samuel Cronwright. They had to face two uncomfortable possibilities: first, that she must be expected to grow old sooner than her husband; secondly, that he might find her too fidgety and highly strung to live with. And did he stop to think that he was in danger of being regarded as only the appendage of a celebrity? They decided to be known as Mr. and Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner—but that did not make them equal.

Her marriage brought her at least some respite from loneliness, but the state of her health obliged her husband to move about with her instead of staying in one place, and when she gave birth to a child—her only child—it lived only one day. Little more than ten years after her marriage she wrote to Ellis saying that although she had not lost any of her faith in 'the possible beauty and greatness of human nature', her personal life had become 'crushed and indifferent' to her.

In 1913 she returned to England, still in search of health. She spent the war years in London. She was lonely, and she was turned out of at least one hotel and refused admission to others because of her German name. In the spring of 1920 her husband at last came to England from South Africa. When he called at her address an old woman came to the door, and he asked if he might see Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner. There is something terrifying about the answer he got. 'Don't you know me, Cronwright?' she said. He had failed to recognise his own wife, she had been so aged by her sufferings. Soon after this she returned to South Africa, but her husband did not go with her. She died in South Africa a few months later, in December 1920.

At a very early age she made the sad discovery that narrowness, hypocrisy, intolerance, and other disagreeable qualities can flourish under an outward show of conventional piety. Olive Schreiner reacted violently, and seems to have been driven towards the strange superstition that science might succeed better than religion in making us behave better towards one another. Her agnosticism seems quaintly old-fashioned, calling up pictures of earnest tea-parties in the 'eighties, with high-minded exchanges about evolution, socialism, and free love. But there was a real need for emancipation in many directions, and it took courage to preach it.

Although professing to be an agnostic, she lived a more Christian

life than many who call themselves Christians. She remained an ardent believer in mercy, pity, and peace. In one of the last articles she ever wrote she said that there are two things we can do, and those are to get rid of all desire to see evil come to those who have injured us or others, and to help the weak and oppressed.

An early decision of hers was that the position of women in society in those days was unjust. She thought it unendurable, and became a strong feminist—a suffragette, it has been said, before the word was ever invented. Her book *Woman and Labour* was an important influence upon the movement to gain more freedom, more scope, and more happiness for women in their work and in their social and personal life. She was always rebellious, and where she found evidence of injustice, selfishness, cruelty, and violence she attacked them with courage. She was always—one might say she was automatically—on the side of the weak and the oppressed. She was against nationalism, imperialism, and war. She was against any kind of racial discrimination. When anti-Semitism showed itself in South Africa, she at once attacked it. At the time of the South African War, which she thought unnecessary and unjust, she had the courage to be a pro-Boer, and to write and speak in public and in private explaining why: she was bravely backed up by her husband. On the other hand, the existence of colour prejudice in South Africa made her a champion of the African and coloured peoples: she believed that there should be no racial or political discrimination against them.

Her life was one long resistance movement, and even if it can be shown that this resistance movement was neurotic in its origin and motive power, that does not invalidate it. She may have shown herself aggressive against aggression, but her ideals were not contemptible—they were compassionate and humane. The influence of her life and writings must have been fairly wide, and sometimes deep; it is still going on. Her longing for more soundness and sweetness in human relationships was profound and life-giving. Her existence was troubled, her writings were spasmodic and imperfect, but she was a generous nature and she will not be forgotten.—*Home Service*

The French Union in a Changing Africa

(continued from page 507)

So the first thing we have to know, in looking at this whole problem of the Union, is whether the French tax-payer is ready to accept this redistribution of national income. After all, he is being asked to consider this when the problem of its internal distribution, in France itself, is a major political question. The second question we have to answer is closely concerned with the rate of the population growth in different parts of the Republic. It is calculated that Algeria will double its Moslem population in about fifty years time, and so, by then, her population will be equivalent to about half the population of France itself. In any circumstances it is a prodigious task to bring about the cultural and economic assimilation of such a number of people. But it is even more difficult when the local resources are not enough to feed even the present population—in spite of a great amount of capital investment in agriculture. The financial burden will therefore be beyond anything so far known.

The obvious reply to both these questions is economic development. There are two difficulties to beware of. The first is a tendency to shy away from objective economic problems or to interpret them in purely emotional and political terms. This is an attitude which is only too familiar in Africa and Asia. The other is to underestimate the depth of the nationalist feelings which are trying to express themselves. Both of them may fuse in the conviction that there exists an inexhaustible source of wealth as soon as political fetters are broken.

Europe learnt the hard lessons of nationalism at the cost of two major wars and deep spiritual and material degradation. The real purpose of the French Union is to enable the African parts of it to reach, in the least painful manner, a higher stage of political and economic association founded on a free flow of ideas and investment.

It is idle to pretend that political conflict can be avoided by good words; but there is a traditional generosity of approach in the personal relationships between European Frenchmen and their fellow citizens and associates from overseas. And perhaps it is not too much to hope that this, coupled with political education, will bring both sides to make sacrifices for the common welfare. Not only statesmanship of the highest order is required on both sides but also, perhaps, new constitutional solutions.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The British Universities—I

Sir,—Dr. Eric Ashby's statement (THE LISTENER, March 10) that 'today most learned writers have lost their audience; the more distinguished they are academically the smaller their audience is likely to be' must not be allowed to pass unchallenged, especially as he quotes an archaeological example of mid-nineteenth century popular interest in learning. It is quite true that Layard was invited to write a popular account of the excavations at Nineveh for John Murray's new series *Reading for the Rail*, or *Cheap books in a large readable type to be published occasionally and varying in price from one shilling upwards*. The first title in this series was *Essays from the Times*; the third Lord Mahon's *History of the 'Forty-Five'*. The fourth volume, *Nineveh*, appeared in 1851, and was an instant success. But how do Layard's sales in 1851 differ from the sales a hundred years later on the bookstalls of our London stations of countless cheap books on archaeology (among other subjects)? In one notable way: the present-day sales are much larger and reach a much larger proportion of the population.

A cursory glance at *Radio Times* should show Dr. Ashby that our distinguished academics have gained, not lost, their audience, as the universities have gained a new patronage, since broadcasting has developed as a medium of communication. By the spoken word on the air, by television, as well as by cheap popular books, the learned world is surely at this present mid-twentieth-century moment more closely in touch with the world than ever before, certainly than it was in the eighteen-fifties. Perhaps, as an archaeologist and one much concerned with ensuring that the learned world of academic archaeology is presented to and constantly in touch with the non-academic world, I am biased. But am I? Let us just take six Professors of Archaeology in the British Isles: Wheeler, Childe, Hawkes, Clark, Piggott, and O'Riordain. It would be difficult to select six men more distinguished academically in archaeology. Yet in Wheeler's *Archaeology from the Earth*, Childe's *What Happened in History*, Hawkes' *Prehistoric Britain*, Piggott's *British Prehistory*, Clark's *Prehistoric England* and O'Riordain's *Antiquities of the Irish Countryside* we have brilliant examples—there are none better—of the way in which the academic world is speaking to an extremely wide audience.

It may be, as Dr. Ashby claims, that it is one of the dangers of modern scholarship that 'much of it is so specialised that it has scarcely any audience', but where does the solution lie? In the ability of the most distinguished and learned academics to present themselves in word, in speech, and in vision to the millions who wait for what they have to say. There has never been a greater audience for the specialist than today; never a greater opportunity for the university to be in direct contact with its real patrons—the taxpaying adult world.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

GLYN E. DANIEL

Nonconformist Architecture

Sir,—Mr. H. L. Short's interesting talk on 'Changing Styles in Nonconformist Architecture', printed in THE LISTENER, March 17, contains much fascinating historical matter; but its reflections on the modern situation in

Christian building are based on a distinction that no longer has much validity. His clear and repeated dichotomy of 'church' and 'chapel', with altar and pulpit respectively given prominence, is indeed the key to much in the past, but is not true to the modern best in either theology or church building practice.

There is now a movement in every Communion within the Church to exalt both preaching and Eucharist, and to exalt them both as acts of the Holy Spirit in and through the Church, the Church being represented by the whole local congregation, even though some functions are reserved for a ministry. Thus it is theologically necessary for the whole congregation to see and hear clearly what is done and said both at the altar or table and in the pulpit, in order that the worship may be the true, full act of the Church. Different major Communions may vary in their emphasis as between Eucharist and preaching, and in their interpretations of them: but both emphases are there among us all. This fact is reflected in the best modern church designing. No major Communion nowadays desires a church in which preaching or teaching of some sort is made difficult by an inadequate or ill-placed pulpit: and none desires one in which the table or altar is not prominent, accessible and easily visible from every seat.

The practical outcome of this is that we are all now putting up buildings of a sort that may be roughly called *basilican*. Among the Roman Catholics, the much-discussed modernist churches in France are noteworthy for the impressiveness of their design as auditoria and theatres, that is, as media for the people's participation in the Mysteries: in more traditional styles, Westminster Cathedral with Byzantine forms, and churches such as the new Holy Cross, Leicester, with Gothic, achieve the same general effect. Among Anglicans, the new suburban churches in Birmingham, for instance, are pure basilicas: Liverpool Cathedral is a neo-Gothically disguised one. Among Methodists, the typical new church has a prominent central altar and an equally prominent side pulpit; and both have the choir and organ in front of them, with the congregation. Any of us could happily use the best of the churches raised by any of the others, with only comparatively minor changes of furnishing and none of basic building.

Put negatively, this means that two types of church building are now practically dead. One is the norm of medieval and Victorian Anglican building (though not the only medieval type), the church with a heavy separation between chancel for clergy (oddly including a large unordained choir) and nave for people: Anglican and Roman theology now recognise afresh both the corporateness of the Eucharist and the importance of preaching. Also dead is the traditional nonconformist massing of choir and organ behind the preacher, who in turn dominated the table: the best nonconformist thinking now holds firmly that preaching and the Lord's Supper, both of Divine ordinance, must not be made to look parts of a merely human concert performance.

There are, of course, some hangovers from the past: but do not let us overlook the real changes that have come about in the past thirty years or so. They were not intentionally directed towards Church unity; but one of their happy results has been to bring us all closer together

in our outlook upon the nature of public worship and hence in our sense of the fitting type of building for that worship.—Yours, etc.,

Sowerby Bridge

J. F. BUTLER

Islam in the U.S.S.R.

Sir,—In his talk on 'Islam in the U.S.S.R.' (THE LISTENER, March 17) Mr. Wheeler takes it for granted that Islam 'militates against modern progress'. He does not state that as the view only of Soviet Communism, but asserts that it is 'widely held by those Western Powers who have come into direct contact with Muslim civilisation and also among the Muslims themselves'.

I do not know what Mr. Wheeler means by progress but in this context one presumes it to mean material welfare, and it becomes appropriate to remind Mr. Wheeler of the prosperity of many Muslim communities in the past. Indeed, it is difficult to see how traditional dress, the veiling of women or even 'polygamous cohabitation' would hamper anyone from using or even inventing a device like the steam-engine. And, incidentally, none of these are essentials of Islam. The Kemal experiment in Turkey is a case in point. National income *per capita* there is among the lowest in the world despite more than a quarter of a century of the 'new look', and other Muslim countries—notably Egypt—are materially better off.

It is true that in some cases Muslim leaders, contemplating 'reform', had to suppress the influence of religious groups—naturally conservative—in order to succeed, but Mr. Wheeler will find it difficult to cite any example, apart from Turkey, where Islam had to be checked or modified by Muslims. *Ceteris paribus*, to substitute, say, Christianity or atheism for Islam would hardly be the key to 'progress', but of course one does not expect a Christian or an atheist to hold the same view.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

SALAH EL SERAFY

'A.E.'—a Practical Mystic

Sir,—I am grateful to Professor O'Brien for pointing out the misstatement in my recent broadcast on 'A.E.', and I apologise to listeners and to your readers for misleading them—I need hardly say unintentionally.

My only excuse is that 'A.E.' repeatedly attributed the shutting down of the *Irish Statesman* to the libel action, as did Yeats, James Stephens, and others who talked of it. So when, later on, I heard the report which Professor O'Brien repudiates, from people who were in Dublin and on this side of the water, I had no reason to doubt its accuracy.

At least two biographers who are working on lives of 'A.E.' will share my gratitude to Professor O'Brien for establishing the facts about the libel action. I hope, by the way, that when he says the 'hoary myth has been frequently repeated by "A.E.'s" critics and enemies', he does not include me in their number.

Yours, etc.,

Frensham

L. A. G. STRONG

Sir,—Professor George O'Brien says (THE LISTENER, March 17) that the demise of *The Irish Statesman*, so admirably edited by 'A.E.', was 'quite unrelated' to the libel action of 1928.



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He chides L. A. G. Strong for 'gross inaccuracy' and circulation of a 'hoary myth', and he mentions that no damages were awarded. Surely that is not the point. It was the crushing legal costs that hit the *Statesman* hard, or is this also 'a hoary myth'? I invite Professor O'Brien, who says he speaks with first-hand knowledge on this matter, to say if it is also a 'hoary myth', that some of the weekly's backers fell by the wayside, either because of the libel action or because 'A.E.' had the audacity to print Senator W. B. Yeats' speech on divorce. The right answer to myth is the truth, told by a man who was on the inside. Professor O'Brien must know of the letters exchanged between Bernard Shaw and 'A.E.' on the financing of *The Irish Statesman*. I obtained the impression from them that the libel action did relate to the paper's difficulties, and that the Catholics were making things hot for 'A.E.' And it is no hoary myth that 'A.E.' wrote to me to this effect about this time.

Why does not Professor O'Brien, out of his first-hand knowledge, clear up this matter? He would do well by 'A.E.' to tell us who exactly did kill Cock Robin.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

FRANCIS HACKETT

Leaving School Early

Sir,—So the secondary modern school is a failure and its methods suspect. Maybe, yes, but how little Mr. Wilson, in his letter printed in *THE LISTENER* on March 17, appears to understand the problems of the secondary modern school, and how naive his philosophy of education. Is Mr. Wilson aware for instance of the following facts which are common to most, if not all, secondary modern schools?

The secondary modern school has to deal with a varying proportion of children who have failed to acquire a primary education. The degree of failure at 11+ ranges from an attainment of a few to the level of an average child of 6 or less, to that of a few whose attainment approximates to the normal level for their age.

Of those children whose attainment at 11+ does approximate to a primary level, very few prove capable of acquiring anything that could honestly be termed 'a body of knowledge and the mental discipline to acquire more'. Furthermore, even if this was a practicable aim for the secondary modern school, surely no educationist would accept it as a 'coherent philosophy' for any type of school. Knowledge and skill without understanding are something less than education.

When one considers the secondary modern school itself there are more factors, a knowledge of which provide insight into its peculiar dilemma, and if they do not justify its methods, may suggest reasons for them. I submit the further points for the consideration of Mr. Wilson:

Secondary modern teachers are not normally trained to teach the elements of the basic subjects. The great range in attainment in these subjects calls for a technique for which these teachers are seldom equipped. The resulting frustration and failure do not inspire a firm resistance to the claims made on the timetable by a seemingly ever increasing number of specialist subjects.

The secondary modern school is organised to a large extent on specialist lines. Many teachers opt to teach mainly their specialist subjects. Finding that the children are incapable of understanding their subject academically, it is surely to the credit of the more energetic and idealistic teachers that they employ 'practical activities' simply to meet the frustration and futility of, say, the history lesson for children who cannot understand history as an academic study.

The challenge of the secondary modern school cannot, I believe, be met merely by organisation. Streaming, setting, variety of schools and courses do not, it seems to me, really come to terms with the problem.

I dare suggest a line of approach:

(1) From the infants' school up, a clearer understanding of the amount of skill, imagination, and time required to teach the basic skills to the more intellectually deprived.

(2) The secondary modern school to be organised more on the principles and methods of the primary school than on either the technical or grammar school.

(3) Use of teachers trained as class teachers able to teach the basic skills from the infant stage, who seeing life whole can communicate this vision, illustrating it with the aid of facts from history, geography, science, etc., so as to give not a 'body of knowledge' but attitudes and ideas which will provide a coherent meaningful and purposive vision of life.

Can our culture provide a sufficient number of teachers thus equipped? For ultimately the problem of the secondary modern school is a problem of our civilisation. In this crucible the problems of a secular education in our society become overt, its pretensions more obvious. The failure of the secondary modern school will mean the failure of democracy.—Yours, etc.,

Ham

P. J. HUGHES

The Churches and Psychical Research

Sir,—The Dean of St. Paul's, in his interesting talk on 'The Churches and Psychical Research', refers to those who have the capacities for extra-sensory perception as being unable to control this capacity. While this may be true of mediums and of those on whom most of the tests in this connection have been carried out, it is also true that such powers can be deliberately cultivated by exercises. It is in this connection that danger arises, since such exercises entered into without at the same time taking care to develop the highest moral integrity (which requires a great degree of self-honesty) can lead to error and to ultimate moral degradation. To those who are interested in this subject, therefore, it may be an advantage to consider, at the same time, what can be developed along these lines by someone who, by his work and life, has shown that he has this highest moral integrity and who was at the same time a Christian and not merely a dabbler in eastern mysticism: Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

There is no one in this century who has developed these capacities to such a high degree and who has been able to give such a wealth of spiritual information in which Christianity is the fact of central importance, and in which the necessity for moral development is simultaneously stressed. It seems to me that it would be one-sided to consider only the facts relating to those who have these capacities not under control, particularly in view of the fact that the information he has given throws so much light on present-day problems, both scientific and religious, without in any way contradicting basic scientific facts or the content of the Gospels. He has, in fact, done an enormous amount to show the spiritual unity of religion and science which the materialists have worked so hard to try to separate.

The best account of his life and work has been given in a book recently published by Hodder & Stoughton, entitled *A Scientist of the Invisible*, by Canon A. P. Shepherd, himself a member of the Church. Not to give it impartial consideration would be, as Dr. Matthews himself said of the subject of which he was speaking, both 'faint-hearted and foolish'.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

A. V. GALE

A Trip to Ephesus

Sir,—It was disappointing that Mr. Richard Williams, in his talk in 'The Eye-witness' [see page 510], on his recent visit to Ephesus, gave no news of the Temple of Diana, which, when I was at Ephesus last July, was nearly all sunk in a green swamp, the nineteenth-century excavations being covered up. Has any work been done on it since then, or is any contemplated? It seemed odd not even to refer to the greatest and most famous glory of Ephesus, once one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and the chief thing which the average person has always known about this city. Perhaps Mr. Williams could add a postscript.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

ROSE MACAULAY

The Scheme for London's Future

Sir,—Really, can Professor Richardson be serious when he suggests (*THE LISTENER*, March 17) building colonnades rivalling Bernini round St. Paul's Cathedral? For, only a few sentences on, he wisely observes that 'the very inconsequent character of London constitutes the charm which must be preserved'. Hear! Hear! So why pull down, as he suggests, all the jumbled wharves and warehouses from Blackfriars to the Tower in order to create a boulevard flanked by 'buildings of dignity standing like so many palaces fronting the river'? By all means let us have the space that he demands, but any plan for the city that goes beyond achieving the highest possible return for property owners, must surely try to link the intimate jumble that has given the city its character with an effective solution of the needs of the present-day human ant-heap. Admittedly it is no easy task; but speaking as a landscape painter I feel that the 'articulated structures of concrete and glass' that Professor Richardson so mistrusts are more likely, if well spaced, to provide by very contrast a foil to St. Paul's and what is left of the city, than imitations of Bernini amongst a mass of neo-Georgian office blocks.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.6

JULIAN TREVELYAN

Fairy Vision

Sir,—I am collaborating with Marjorie Thelma Johnson in a serious work dealing with contemporaneous accounts of Fairy Vision. A great mass of acceptable material is already in hand; but it would be a pity to go to press without seeking supplementary *bona fide* evidence known to exist.

If any reader would care to submit an authentic account of his or her having seen, or been aware of the presence of, a fairy or fairies, we would certainly give it sympathetic consideration.—Yours, etc.,

ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

78, Swan Court, Chelsea,
London, S.W.3

'Periodicals for Overseas'

Sir,—Very many students in overseas schools and colleges would welcome second-hand copies of *THE LISTENER* and similar magazines, which they are unable to afford for themselves. The senior boys of this school (already operating a periodicals scheme for refugees) are therefore starting a posting scheme to be known as 'Periodicals for Overseas'. We already have the addresses of some forty colleges which have asked for supplies, and we can provide helpers with ready-addressed labels and posting instructions.

Further details will gladly be sent on request. Perhaps I should emphasise that magazines for this scheme should not be sent to Audenshaw.

Yours, etc.,

The Grammar School,
Audenshaw, Lancs.

MARK GIBBS

NEWS DIARY

March 16-22

Wednesday, March 16

Parliamentary Labour Party decides by a majority of twenty-nine to withdraw the Whip from Mr. Aneurin Bevan

During a debate on defence in the Lords the Archbishop of York speaks in favour of the Government's decision to make the hydrogen bomb

Papers relating to the Yalta conference of 1945 are published by the U.S. State Department

Thursday, March 17

Chancellor of the Exchequer states that sterling has reacted to his recent measures in the way he had expected

The Soviet Foreign Ministry publishes correspondence between Mr. Molotov and Sir Winston Churchill on the subject of a high-level meeting in 1954

The Prime Minister makes a statement in the Commons about the publication of the Yalta documents

B.O.A.C. orders twenty Comet airliners of a new type

Friday, March 18

Both Houses of the Federal German Parliament ratify Paris agreements

A delegate conference of mineworkers agrees to new wage structure for coal industry

Saturday, March 19

President Eisenhower appoints Mr. Stassen, Head of the Foreign Aid Administration, to be his special assistant on disarmament

It is announced in London that the British Government's view is that the publication both of the Yalta documents and the Potsdam documents was inadvisable at present

The East German Minister of Agriculture resigns

Sunday, March 20

The French National Assembly adopts the Civil Budget for 1955

Economic talks between the French Government and representatives of the Saar are concluded in Paris

Proposed meeting of Arab Prime Ministers in Cairo is postponed indefinitely

Monday, March 21

Australian Government imposes restrictions on imports from April 1

Changes in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade agreed at meeting in Geneva are published

Professor Alexandrov, Soviet Minister of Culture, is dismissed

Tuesday, March 22

Commons debate medical and biological aspects of nuclear energy

Three trade unions express their view that Mr. Bevan should not be expelled from Labour Party

Postmaster-General makes statement about permitted hours for television broadcast-



Britain's latest tank, the *Conqueror*, photographed during a demonstration at the Fighting Vehicle Research and Development Establishment in Surrey on March 17. A number of these tanks left for Germany earlier this week for trials with the British Army of the Rhine



Looking towards the North Downs from the Harewoods estate at Outwood, Surrey. The estate, of about 2,000 acres, has been given to the National Trust by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lloyd



Spring in the air at the London Zoo: 'Friday', a three-year-old fallow deer in the children's section



Prince Albert's sitting room at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire (Queen Albert visited the Abbey in 1841). The house and park are to be opened to the public by the Duke of Bedford for the first time on April 8



The fifth explosion of this year's series of atomic tests in the United States: the fireball seen a few seconds after the device had been detonated at the top of a 300-foot tower in the Nevada desert on March 12. On this occasion a smoke screen was tested at the same time: its object was to reduce the effect of heat from a nuclear explosion



J. E. Williams (England) passing out from a scrum during the international rugby match against Scotland for the Calcutta Cup at Twickenham last Saturday. England won by nine points to six and retained the Cup



and Prince
public by the



A new portrait of the Queen, painted by the Italian artist, Pietro Annigoni, for the Fishmongers' Company. Her Majesty is shown wearing the dark-blue velvet mantle and gold collar of the Order of the Garter. The background is imaginary, except for a representation of Windsor Castle in the distance on the right



Waiting in the warm at a bus stop at Neuilly, Paris, under an overhead heater

Left: veteran cars, carrying troops of the Brigade of Guards, leaving London on a run to Hastings on March 19. They were commemorating the world's first mass movement of troops by motor car forty-six years ago



The Russian Revolution 1917

A Personal Record

BY N. N. SUKHANOV. Edited, abridged and translated
by Joel Carmichael from 'Zapiski o Revolutsii'

An unique eye-witness account of the entire Russian Revolution by a man who, while politically unaffiliated, was inside the movement that has given rise to the present Soviet regime. It is a personal record as alive and compelling as it is sincere. It has long been suppressed in the Soviet Union because of its anti-official character, for it gives an account of the revolution which is the antithesis of the mythology now accepted.

Illustrated. 42s. net

READY 14 MAY

The Piltown Forgery

BY J. S. WEINER

'... it beats Sherlock Holmes at his best. ...' *Times Lit. Supp.*

'... will be one of the non-fiction best-sellers of 1955. Indeed it may also challenge the fiction best-sellers because ... it is a mystery, a first class mystery.' Glyn Daniel in the *Daily Mail*.

'How pleasant that this detective story is not concerned with murder. Mr. Dawson was undoubtedly very naughty. ... But one cannot cherish any really hard feelings against him. It was a wonderful leg-pull and it makes a wonderful story.' *The Economist* 12s. 6d. net

Poet and Painter

Being the Correspondence between Gordon Bottomley and Paul Nash 1910-1946

Edited by Claude Collier Abbott and Anthony Bertram

This unique and absorbing correspondence began when Paul Nash returned to a friend a borrowed copy of Bottomley's play *The Crier by Night* 'covered with drawings and grime.' On seeing the drawings Bottomley wrote to Nash and their letters over the next thirty-six years record a generous and unaffected friendship founded on their complementary interests.

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PUBLISHED

The Letters of Samuel Pepys and His Family Circle

Edited by Helen Truesdell Heath

'... the writer of the most famous diary in the English language ... has endeared himself to the common reader, who will find most pleasure in this scholarly edition. ... It is pleasant to find one's good opinion of an old friend so amply confirmed by this volume of varied and intensely human correspondence.' *The Times* 30s. net

The Poems of Richard Corbett

Edited by J. A. W. Bennett and Hugh Trevor-Roper

Richard Corbett was known, and celebrated, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century as 'a very pleasant poetical Dean,' 'the best poet of all the Bishops of England'; for despite his convivial tastes and practical jokes he became, thanks to a skilful choice of patrons, Dean of Christ Church and Bishop successively of Oxford and Norwich. This is the first edition of his poems since 1807. 30s. net READY IN MAY

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Laurels and Rosemary

The Life of William and Mary Howitt

BY AMICE LEE

Indefatigable writers themselves (Mrs. Howitt made the first English translation of Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*), the Howitts were the intimate friends of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Dickens and the Pre-Raphaelites, and they 'discovered' Mrs. Gaskell. Their story is told by their great-niece from old letters and journals.

Illustrated. 30s. net

READY 19 MAY

Shakespeare's First Folio

A Facsimile Edition

Edited by Helge Kökeritz and Charles Tyler Prouty

This first facsimile edition to be published since 1910 is a faithful reproduction of the Huth copy in the possession of the Elizabethan Club at Yale. The latest techniques of photographic reproduction have been used and the book is more convenient and portable than its predecessors. (Yale U.P.) £4. 4s. net PUBLISHED

The Shakespeare First Folio

Its Bibliographical and Textual History

BY SIR WALTER GREG

This account of the Shakespeare First Folio sets out the evidence, and summarizes on each point under discussion, the view now held by scholars. Where there is no commonly accepted opinion, the author has put forward the view that seems best in accord with the evidence.

42s. net

READY 28 APRIL

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary

Prepared by William Little, H. W. Fowler, and Jessie Coulson

Revised and Edited by C. T. Onions

This is a new impression, with a completely revised and reset Addenda, printed on thinner paper and bound in one volume only. Demy 4to, 2,538 pp. £5. 5s. net READY IN APRIL

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Spring Books

The Inhumanity of Mantegna

Mantegna. By E. Tietze-Conrat. Phaidon. 42s.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE GOWING

MANTEGNA gives us as many solid reasons to dislike him as any great artist who ever lived. He is dry; he is violent; he has a reputation for pedantry. And in his pictures we often catch a bitter reflection of the temperament which made him as difficult a next-door neighbour as any recorded painter before Caravaggio. Among modern painters perhaps only Wyndham Lewis has really loved him. Yet no one forgets him. He has deposited something angular and painful under the skin of European art, a recurrent reminder of how much of it is by his standards merely amiable or optimistic. He is, no doubt, a prime exponent of something essential in the tradition—one of the great archetypes. But an exponent and an archetype of what?

The essential element in Mantegna which resists description had no parallel even among the artists closest to him. Even classical antiquity, the common ancestor which united all that was most typical of the quattrocento, had a special and different significance in his hands. In Padua the recovery of the past was in the hands of scholars, not sculptors and architects. But the antiquarianism which was in the air only half explains the lack of anything heroic or idyllic in Mantegna's evocation of the ancient world. There was nothing in it of the mood, for example, of Pollaiuolo: for Mantegna the terrific masonry of antiquity and the stony imagery which decorated it were sufficient in themselves. The other common concern of his time, perspective, had in his extreme form as strange a meaning. In the towering townscape of the fresco of 'St. James Led to Martyrdom' perspective has the character not of a new logic so much as of a new and violently compelling paradox: the spectator is drawn involuntarily into the fatal system of the picture.

Though the invention was not often so violent, the painting of Mantegna's maturity had always this frozen, rock-like force. A similar inhuman power inhibited the human frame. The figures in the fresco almost suggest that it was a chief function of the perspective to impart a terrific upward thrust to a thigh, lifting the hip and tilting the body away from us, bending the spine in a passionate, rigid curve. The physical pattern is one which reappears continually in Mantegna's work: in the cumulative anatomy of European art, where Masaccio has left his mark upon the massive shoulder, the thigh and hip are his peculiar preserve. Such figures stand apart from the other creations of the quattrocento: even Castagno, whose fibrous toughness provided one of Mantegna's starting points, was by comparison humane.

The Christ of the 'Agony in the Garden' in the National Gallery, possibly painted a little later than the fresco (rather than six years earlier as Mrs. Tietze suggests), was called by Mr. Berenson, a 'rock-born giant': the description is surely exact. Behind Mantegna's attitude to antiquity, even perhaps underlying the peculiar value which dryness itself and archaism had for him, there was a deep absorption in stone. Stone is everywhere in his pictures. It is cast up, stratified, fractured and fragmented—finally falling to kill—of its own inward force. His mountains are not those of the real human world: Mantegna seems rather to have invented, on the basis of an archaic Gothic formula,

imaginary, symbolic renderings of the character of rock. Still less is Mantegna's stone the material out of which the Renaissance was built in Florence and Venice.

His attitude to antiquity is the mark of the difference. Elsewhere the relics of Roman art revealed to architects and sculptors a live potentiality inherent in stone: they showed a natural way for the stone to flower. Mantegna, by contrast, came to love the very ruination of ancient art: he dwelt on its death and dismemberment. Looking upon the ruins, he let them lie. The severed antique foot beside the bound foot of the transfixed martyr was for him a reminder of a perpetual violence inherent in man and stone alike.

There was no pity in Mantegna. The cruellest martyrdom in his pictures holds no promise of reward. The revelation of death in life was in itself his profoundest object: he returned to it continually in every variation of his habitual subjects, in the stories of Judith, St. Sebastian, and Orpheus alike. And it left him undisturbed: it was an appropriate, invariable condition with which he was entirely content. Only the Copenhagen 'Christ', where the presentation was necessarily compassionate, rings false. The discovery of death in life perhaps uncovers Mantegna's deepest passion. It is the discovery of the same stony force that we seem to recognise in his own face.

Such reflections tell us something of the grave import and the personal meaning which we feel in the fixity of Mantegna's style itself. It is there, at the centre of his art, in the very character of representation, whose recognisable force is yet so near to a kind of self-annihilation, that we feel his most intimate quality. The consistency of the line is the consistency of a deadly passion, a passion which the sensuous surface of the arts rarely admits but one that is deep within us none the less. This is the context that gives to Mantegna's moments of tenderness their special and unique significance. In his little Madonna pictures Mother and Child are drawn

together more profoundly than in any others. The mother enfolds the child, as if to contain him; a single perfect contour encloses in a monolithic block the two. It is a truer view of natural tenderness—truer because of its awareness of the natural forces that beset it—than any but the very greatest of the humane painters have shown. The truth of it is perhaps the explanation of the unexpected link between Mantegna and Rembrandt, who adapted one of these designs to his own purpose.

Mrs. Tietze scouts cautiously the extreme theories of some other critics. It is a pity: the studies of Hartt and Wind shed a valuable, if oblique, light on the artist. (Perhaps only a view of Mantegna that is extreme and a little unwelcome can be wholly true.) This book affords a moderate introduction, which was needed, and a reasonable collection of photographic and critical material. A few minute confusions and omissions may worry students, and the quality of one important illustration suggests that it has been drawn from another book. The chronology remains as difficult as ever. But for this Mantegna is to blame. For a great part of his career he hardly developed, in the usual sense: each work, instead of growing, seems to have been separately ejected by an immense force of will.



Colossal head, from the frescoes in the Eremitani church at Padua (now destroyed); perhaps a self-portrait of Mantegna in his early twenties

From 'Mantegna'



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'That Shattering Wren'

The Wren. By Edward A. Armstrong.
Collins, 'New Naturalist' Series. 30s.

'THAT SHATTERING WREN . . .': Lord Grey, in his *Charm of Birds*, recounts this classic comment on its song from a little boy at lessons by an open window; and, to quote Lord Grey again, a wren 'when in good form sings, as it was said, the young Queen Victoria danced at a Court function in Paris, "with decision, and right through to the end"'. Add 'precision' and you have the keynote of this fine and diligent work by the Reverend Edward Armstrong upon the wee but almost equally industrious wren. We have his assurance that, unlike the robin, the wren will not make friends with man. It will, as is well known, enter houses, and if you know how to keep still—*really* still—it will explore you in its never-ending search for food. But it will not sell its soul: the wren 'goes its own independent way and seldom seeks charity'.

There is perhaps some truth in the belief that people who devote themselves unreasonably to animals may, as time goes on, develop Lady-into-Fox-like traits of the pets on which they dote. It cannot be so in this case. Yet there is something wren-like in the sheer persistence of the author's quest for every tiniest detail of his quarry's day-to-day existence: in his incessant exploration of bird literature for any and every scrap of information that might have some possible bearing on the problems turning in his mind; and, more endearing, like elfin snatches of wrens' 'whisper songs', those not infrequent gleams of a poet's appreciation and a puckish wit that flicker through the more material structure of his pages—for all his meticulous braces, caught now and then with his trousers down!

He admits capitulation to the wiles of Jenny Wren since childhood days and that no bird calls for 'more unflagging, persistent observation' in the field: 'although I have often felt that I could not have selected a more difficult species, it has never occurred to me that I could have chosen one more fascinating'. There was only one way to accomplish this many-sided task, and that a lone one: 'the presence of a companion, however congenial, is apt to deflect one's attention—and prevent that meditative absorption into the bird's world which is essential to an intuitive appreciation of the significance of its activities'. There you have it in a nutshell, more or less: the result is a most memorable book upon the Wren, the whole Wren and nothing but the Wren.

This however is by no means as restrictive as it sounds. 'Wren' covers about fifty named species or races in the northern hemisphere alone, half of them peculiar to groups of islands or even to a single island (and so giving opportunities for the study of effects linked with isolation), but all of the one genus (*Troglodytes*) and closely akin to our wee brown wren of the thickets and gardens; the European form, America has many more—nearly 300 species or races all told—divided into some twenty genera and so with far wider differences between forms; although none so wide of the mark that you would hesitate for long to call a wren a wren. The lower half of North America is believed to have been their original home, whence, by the land bridges of the Pleistocene, the ancestral stock of our Old World wrens crossed what are now the Behring Straits to colonise Asia and eventually Europe. The author in his travels abroad has studied many of these members of the clan but, naturally, our wren has claimed the greater part of his affection and his time.

Bit by bit he has pieced together the whole life story of the wren: its choice of a home, its goings out and its comings in; its migration, for there is each autumn a small but undoubted immigration into Britain of Continental wrens and a return in spring; its territory and the meaning of the many variations and inflections of its song and chitter and other calls—wren language in other words—its courtship and displays and what is certainly the most reasoned and fascinating account ever written of those twin riddles of the wren: its cocks' nests and its polygamy, elements in 'a highly integrated pattern of adaptation'. Cock wrens are ardent but not promiscuous. They make exemplary husbands, conducting their partners to the nests, remembering where each is installed, visiting them 'to see how things are going on', escorting and helping to feed the families when fledged; in spite of conjugal multiplicity, very much the family man.

Eggs and nestlings, diary and diet, rising and roosting, every detail of wren make-up and menage has been chronicled; and with it all a

score of excellent photographs and some delightful drawings from Miss Talbot-Kelly's pen—a shattering amount about a bird which, newly-hatched, turns the scale at about one gram!

E. A. R. ENNION

Art and Wert

Clifton Lodge. By Ethel, Lady Thomson. Hutchinson. 15s.

THERE IS A NOTICEABLE OUTPUT nowadays of Victorian reminiscences by persons who were young before 1900. These often thoughtful survivors of social and economic revolution, are more conscious now of the great rift between rich and poor that ran through the nineteenth century than they were, as a rule, at the time. Lady Thomson and her sisters, however, had no need when young to strain their imaginations about what it could be like to be poor: they were pauperised by their parents. It is a bitter situation that she recollects, and she is to be respected for not recollecting it bitterly:

It is curious to consider how children in nursery and schoolroom should have suffered shum hardships while expensive dinner-parties could be given in the same house, and all the luxury of a society existence be enjoyed in the drawing-room while, on the other side of the baize door, conditions prevailed which warranted the investigations of an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. We were neither fed nor clothed adequately. In illnesses we were not nursed as we should have been. Wherever care and attention are needed in the upbringing of children, there we were absolutely deficient.

Why? The parents of little Victor, Ethel, Zon, and Douey Parker ought to have done better. Their father was a son of an amiable and affluent peer, and was himself director of a brewery; their mother was from an upper class and prosperous background. The trouble was that their mother had, and retained, 'an inborn detestation of children', and their father appears to have been too weak, too indifferent, or too heartless to try to make up for this deficiency. Though constantly bickering, the parents seem to have been united in neglecting the physical well-being of their children and, far worse, in denying them affection or the least encouragement. They seem worse than the cold, reserved English that many foreigners believe in; they were evidently—though their daughter does not say so—cruel.

The subdued, anaemic children who look so sadly out of the frontispiece were saved by their strong constitutions, their consciousness of their joint predicament, their imaginations, and the kindness of other people, whether relations or servants. Clifton Lodge was at the northern end of York. There, in fireless rooms, they were left in the care of miserable governesses to whom no kind word was ever addressed, and who took them out for walks twice a day 'up the Asylum Road'. They were never allowed to ask any questions whatsoever, their pocket money of one penny per week was very often not paid at all, and in the afternoon they had to spend an 'agonising' hour in the drawing-room, sitting rigid on separate chairs without toys, and forbidden to speak unless spoken to.

How easily this book might have been a hard-luck story, full of self-pity and justifiable resentment: but it is saved by its truthfulness and humour, and by its exposition of all the things that helped to make up, for the wretchedness—the life of the imagination, visits to the grandparents at romantic Shibburn Castle, and the friendship of such a splendid character as Mrs. Fairfax of Balmington who 'almost lived on a horse', slept with a long string tied to her rag toe jangling out of the window, so that her one-eyed groom could give it a good tug at six in the morning, when was time for her to begin an hour's reading, and rode out to dinner parties with her black velvet evening gown and her diamonds screwed up in a piece of newspaper inside a gametug slung at her saddle. What a world! The Boer War was regarded as a sporting adventure, a kind of half brother to 'Big Game Shooting', and as for Lady Linty-borough, when asked her opinion of the French Revolution, she replied, 'Nothing but the most awful impertinence'.

Readers of novels all in asseverant dialogue about ingrowing late-nineteenth-century households may perhaps regret Lady Thomson's reticences. They may feel they would have liked to know much more about the parents, about the brother, and about the three sisters. But this author is of the opinion that 'there are many bundles of family washing which are best left to boil in the waters of Lethe'. As a child

**The
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ANDRE DEUTSCH

Write for our list: 12 Carlisle Street Soho Square London W1

she was confused by the words *wert* and *art* which occur in the Prayer Book. Nobody ever told her anything, but she knew that *Art* meant all the lovely and pleasant things in life, and she concluded that *Wert* must be its opposite, comprising such things as being cold and hungry and ill. The beauty of her book is that it is a quite unusual record of a victory of Art over Wert.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Cornwall Before the Tudors

Medieval Cornwall. By L. E. Elliott-Binns. Methuen. 35s.

THE CORNISH LIBRARY increases—Cornwall before history, Cornwall in the age of saints, in the Tudor period, in the Civil War, in the eighteenth century, and now in the Middle-Ages. Earlier visitors to Cornwall would find all this interest and increase surprising; and I must admit, as a semi-Cornishman, I find it so myself, even if I think I know the reason—that most of it emerges from the Englishman's Celtic mystery.

Canon Elliott-Binns, an English ecclesiastical historian, detects a strange glow on the far side of the Tamar, quite invisible to ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages or to the eighteenth-century tourists who crossed into this very tail of the world (which is the expression of one of Exeter's medieval bishops about this Atlantic protrusion of his diocese). The tourists spoke well of the Cornish people, but not of their country. Tennyson—even Tennyson—in their wake said, as he clambered at Sennen Cove, 'a beautiful landscape, but it is only a fringe'; and a good deal of Cornwall is either dismal or skin and bones or coloured sea-water, a little too suited to that art which comes up to London with the broccoli. Tennyson's remark (1848) of Polperro, 'queer old narrow streeted place', also defines the humble architecture—or as much of it as remains between the shacks, bungalows, villas, caravans, cars, motor-coaches, and ice-cream papers of the English admirers.

Tennyson and Arnold are behind the whole Celtic business of this not—in fact—so very Celtic Cornwall, Arthurian tinsel and Tintagel from the one, and from the other, Celtic 'magic', 'melancholy', 'sentiment', Celtic turbulence and intolerance of dull, hard facts. So the English—who have infected the Cornish—are enraptured by a district in which they can take deep breaths of Celtic magic without the trouble of making a long journey or acquiring a difficult tongue. So also this new historian of Cornwall finds, I must confess for him, 'a scent of old far-off things' about 'the very place-names', a 'sense of things ancient and enchanted', and he makes a perhaps unwitting paraphrase of Matthew Arnold when he describes the emotional, fickle, imaginative, non-logical, non-intellectual temper of Celts, including these not-so-very-Celtic Cornishmen.

Matthew Arnold knew nothing of Celtic literatures except in translation; Canon Binns appears also to be ignorant of Old Cornish and not specially versed in recent Celtic scholarship. Even if his medieval Cornishmen—at least by the end of his period—were no longer so Cornish, this remains a handicap, since the mingling of Celt with Englishman and Norman is the foundation of the period he tackles. A weakness on the Celtic side means weakness upon matters which at once stir one's curiosity. How much, for example, do place-names indicate of the infiltration of the English and the recession of the older language and culture? (There is unpublished yet available evidence by which this could have been answered.) What was the exact extent, worth, and nature of Cornish medieval writings? How strong were the veneration of Cornish saints and the cult of holy wells? If they are propounded, such questions have been answered inadequately.

I have the feeling, also, that the author has begun at the wrong end, not in the field, in the parish, in local records, but in the pre-existent Cornish library. He confesses to being more concerned for the 'widest aspects' of medievalism. So he will rely more upon a book than a cartulary, he will explain, not upon evidence, but by analogy with medieval conditions elsewhere, how this or that in Cornwall—food, clothing, housing—would, no doubt, have been so and so. Thus his broad picture of Cornwall has an abstracted quality altogether absent from A. L. Rowse's intimate yet broad volume on Tudor Cornwall or Mary Coate's sharp-focused account of Cornwall in the Civil War. Mild protests must be hazarded also against some prehistoric prehistory (including a hint that neolithic survivors gave rise to a belief in piskeys, whose name, at least, suggests importation by English settlers) and

against certain dogmas, for example, that 'all medieval people were brutal and animal'.

Yet a Cornwall disentangles itself, perhaps less in the picture than Cornwall of the first millennium B.C., certainly not so strong and definite as Cornwall of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the peninsula was suddenly involved in the forces and scrambling ambitions of a Europe straining beyond Biscay and Land's End to the Americas, certainly not so energetic as Cornwall during its industrial revolution of tin and copper and the steam-engine. Here, instead, is an appendix, a tail that does not wag the English dog, both wilder and more gaunt than modern Cornwall, both Celtic and English, yet neither one nor the other, conservative and provincial in agriculture, art, and spirit, poor and somewhat exploited by its Anglo-Norman or English overlords, not affected by all of the feudal system, still with some ties to its Breton kinsmen across the water; an area humanly entertaining, yet like a settled nook of Peru or the Outer Hebrides which is affected by historical forces without adding to them any force of its own; an area as well, with deference to the author, devoid of a Tennysonian pull for anybody.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Prejudice and Tolerance

Working-Class Anti-Semite. By James H. Robb. Tavistock Publications. 15s.

DR. ROBB'S RESEARCH on anti-Semitism should appeal to those who, being themselves free from this form of mental canker, are sufficiently tolerant to be objective about it yet not so tolerant as to be indifferent to its existence. It should appeal also to those who are interested in the development of modern anthropological methods but may not realise that the fields of Camden Town and Kensington are as rich in anthropological material as the islands of the Malay Archipelago and as full of superstitious prejudice.

This book is in fact a good example of the modern tendency to multi-disciplined team research, in which the methods of individual and social psychology are combined with sociological, anthropological, and statistical techniques to explore such matters as crime, politics, religion, totalitarianism, racial prejudice, or the transmission of culture through the process of child rearing. Earlier in the century the position was quite otherwise. Each of the aforementioned sciences maintained a state of professional isolation, due less to a trades-union mentality than to the incapacity to speak a common tongue and a neglect of the plain fact that the behaviour of man is bound to be the result of a triangular conflict between innate forces, early acquired mental reactions, and the external stresses and cultural patterns which impinge on both individual and group. Psycho-analysis, armed with pre-determined theories of unconscious mental function, was in fact one of the first of the individual psychologies to irrupt into the social sciences, seeking to mould them to its own patterns. This gave rise to a series of running fights with the more descriptive sociologies, and a good deal of this conflict still smoulders. Came the war during which individual and social psychologists buried the hatchet in the committee-room tables of what were then called, somewhat unctuously, 'working parties'.

Dr. Robb belongs to the new generation of research-workers. He began this particular investigation by living in and studying the field, in this case Bethnal Green, proceeded to interview a random sample of over 100 males, and, selecting from this random sample groups of anti-Semites and of 'tolerant' personalities, subjected these to more detailed interviews and as often as possible personality tests of the Rorschach (Inkblot) type. From these laborious and difficult investigations, he concludes, *inter alia*, that anti-Semitism 'is part of a complex form of reaction to experiences of deprivation extending from infancy into adult life', that although 'a result of psychological processes within the personality, it is activated by social events and is canalised and modified by social forces'; it is to be found in environments which at some points produce attitudes 'markedly inconsistent with a flexible and balanced reaction to environmental pressures at some other points in the life-space'; it is in short 'a particular manifestation of prejudice rather than a unique situation'.

Inevitably this bald summary does scant justice to the detail of Dr. Robb's argument or to the many interesting suggestions he makes; in particular the, to him essential, contrast between 'prejudiced' and

'tolerant' types; and it would scarcely be fair to argue here the many controversial issues which bedevil this ancient and somewhat noisome problem. Some readers may think that he has left the problem almost precisely where he found it, a suspicion which is indeed confirmed by the fact that he was able to verify most of the hypotheses with which he started out. Others may argue against the specificity to anti-Semitism of the factors he gathers together: others again may hold that 'prejudice' and 'tolerance' do not necessarily run in antithesis. After all, a tolerant person may prove to be full of prejudices if one takes the trouble to look for them: the contrast lies between intolerance which, however expressed, is reactive, hostile, and aggressive, and a tolerance which is unshakeably non-reactive, friendly, and receptive but often difficult to distinguish from obsessive neutrality.

The truth of the matter is that this book is a pilot research of limited

range, distinguished within that range by a technique which is excellent so far as it goes but which does not go far enough or deep enough. One misses, for example, any examination of that virulent form of anti-Semitism that is to be found only amongst Jews, and which is sometimes the precursor of mental breakdown. And no attempt is made to check the correlation between anti-Semitism and the frictions arising from faultily repressed homosexuality. Indeed, apart from a few bibliographical summaries the author pays little heed to unconscious factors. No doubt his technique did not permit him to do so, but that only goes to show that the strength of a multi-disciplined research is the strength of its weakest link. With such reservations the book can be rated as an excellent study which, as Professor Sprott indicates in a temperate foreword, should be provocative of deeper researches.

EDWARD GLOVER

True Heirs of the Pre-Raphaelites

Poet and Painter—being the Correspondence between Gordon Bottomley and Paul Nash, 1910-1946.

Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott and Anthony Bertram. Oxford. 30s.

WHEN PAUL NASH DIED in 1946 at the age of fifty-seven, he was lamented as one of our leading contemporary painters—and by 'contemporary' we imply one whose sense of actuality compels him to search for appropriate and necessarily original symbolic forms. When Gordon Bottomley died two years later at the age of seventy-four, we thought of him as 'a closeted poet with a sense of drama' (Professor Abbott's description) who had survived from a long-past age—not merely as 'the grand Old Man of Georgian Poetry' (Paul Nash's description) but even as a 'British bard' who had never ventured outside Morris' *Earthly Paradise*. He was an unrepentant Pre-Raphaelite, and some of the most interesting pages in his letters reveal his deep respect for the Brotherhood and his unrivalled knowledge of their history. His very appearance was druidical and his druidical dramas were written in places that sounded

(and were) remote—Cartmel and Silverdale. For the most part they were published by obscure presses in strictly limited editions. The publication of 'King Lear's Wife' in *Georgian Poetry*, 1913-15, introduced him to a wider public. Yet these two so apparently disparate figures were really very near to each other. It was some early drawings of Nash's that brought them together—grubby drawings scribbled over a copy of Bottomley's one-act play, 'The Crier by Night' ('published in 1900, at the Sign of the Unicorn, in a small quarto of thirty-two pages'). Bottomley immediately recognised that 'the drawings were remarkable for a nascent but already powerful imagination and an interesting originality of technique'. He wrote to the artist, who was then only twenty-one, and thus began the correspondence now printed in this volume—an exchange of some 270 letters (a few are summarised, and 'a few cuts have been made in deference to people living or lately dead').

It is astonishing to find that a man compelled by illness to lead such a cloistered life as Bottomley should have been capable of such penetrating criticism. One can see that he had a shaping influence on the development of the painter's talent. Here are some extracts from a letter written when Nash was twenty-three:

I have been a vegetable so long that I do not always remember the stir in the blood that sets a man on the high road; but living comes first, and you are right in feeling that Paris is a good place to learn to live in. And even if Paris and Rome do not do much for you, the road between will do wonders. Our own parish is the only place we need when we would find subjects for our art; but we have to go round

the world and enter our own parish anew from the other side before we can see those subjects.

I was first attracted to your drawings by the glimpses they gave of the secret places of your mind; but I knew then that you would have to learn exteriorisation and observation before you could tell your secrets potently; so I am not sorrowful that you seem to be leaving your first love for the sake of interpreting the secrets of external nature

I feel it would be really good for you, on the one hand, to have to work in some compulsorily pure medium, such as silver-point, a little; on the other hand I think you need most to take to oil-paint and canvas—oil-paint lends itself to the expression of great and deep things, and by its very nature it would do away with the subterfuges you employ at present. You might begin with monochrome, on your present scale,

if you liked; but even then it would be painting, and not drawing, and would lead instinctively to your use of full colour. Of course oil-painting has its nature too and can look like veils and films and slices of translucent jewels and mosaics of opaque jewels on the one hand, and like smears of mud on the other; but at the worst it can be looked at from all points and does not shew shining scabs and scars as some of your finest drawings do when approached sideways.

This kind of criticism, precise and vigorous, continued throughout their long correspondence. What is odd, however, is that Bottomley never seems to have suspected the extent of Nash's participation in the modern movement. There is, significantly, a gap in the correspondence between 1932 and 1938, the period of the belated flowering (if such a lyrical *cliché* may be used for nocturnal blooms) of the English Surrealist movement; and when the correspondence is resumed we find Bottomley protesting that 'the ways your genius have taken have nothing to do with my failures to write'. 'I own that the period when you seemed to like to group little puff-balls of colour in mysterious relationships did not say as much to my angular Northern mind as your earlier work did. I own, too, that I did not feel any need to be Surrealist; and that you are the only Surrealist whom I care about'. There was to be no more criticism, and 'Caro Fra Paolo' had become 'my most Post-Futurussy Paul'. But before the end, in the last year of Nash's life, the old affectionate terms recur, and a great friendship expires like one bright flame.

HERBERT READ



Gordon Bottomley, by Paul Nash (1912)

From 'Poet and Painter'

The Language of Salvation

Sex, Literature and Censorship. Essays by D. H. Lawrence
 Edited by Harry T. Moore, with Introductions by Harry
 T. Moore and Harold Rubinstein. Heinemann. 13s.

THE PRESENT RE-PUBLICATION of these essays, their general title, and the introductions on Lawrence and the 'Censor-Morons' and Lawrence and the Law strongly suggest Lawrence's enlistment in the current battle. There are, and must be, a wide range of basic convictions on both sides of the fray; but even so, on the evidence of these essays, D. H. Lawrence proves a strange ally for the side that we can, I suppose, broadly describe as that of literary freedom.

Mr. Rubinstein's introduction ends with Milton's declamation against all censorship, a position shamefully few people are prepared to defend today when censorship is widely admitted to be a question of degree. But Lawrence's views on the range of permissibility were as narrow as those of his tormentors; it is only the focus that is different. 'I just was never able to understand the language of salvation. I never knew what they were talking about when they raved about being saved. . . .'. Thus Lawrence in the introduction to his paintings and repeated, almost word for word, in 'A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover'. There can be few stranger examples of self-blindness, for the whole of this book is about salvation, and is written in its language.

Lawrence, clearly, achieved sexual ecstasy, and as a result of this experience passed from unregeneracy through the entire process of mystical belief. 'We are creatures of time and space. But we are like a rose; we accomplish perfection, we arrive in the absolute. We are creatures of time and space. And we are at once creatures of pure transcendence, absolved from time and space, perfected in the realm of the absolute, the other-world of bliss'. This is the unmistakable language of the mystic who has found in ecstatic experience that noetic quality which insensibly, becomes translated into—to use William James' phrase—"over-beliefs". The most usual over-beliefs are, of course, those relating to theistic religion or to what Lawrence's friend Aldous Huxley called the Perennial Philosophy. But some, like Wordsworth and Lawrence, derive their over-belief from the directly proximate causes of their ecstasies; for Wordsworth it was Nature, for Lawrence Sex.

What, then, Lawrence inevitably derived from his ecstatic experiences was a system of belief that can fairly be called a religion, differing only in its central symbol from the beliefs other mystics have evolved from other ecstasies. 'One can still believe. And with the lingam, and the belief in the mystery behind it, goes beauty'. Substitute a more orthodox symbol, and this is indeed the voice of mystic religious faith.

One of the characteristics (indeed, for William James, the prime characteristic) of mystical experience is Ineffability, the sense of an experience for which words can provide no adequate translation. Many modern mystics explain ineffability in terms of an imbalance between cortex and thalamus, between reason and intuition. This was strongly Lawrence's view. 'The deep psychic disease of modern men and women is the diseased atrophied condition of the intuitive faculties'. Unfortunately he, like so many of his co-believers, having cerebrally recognised this imbalance, tried to correct it not only in his life and in his imaginative works but also in what needed to be cerebral writings, with resulting disaster both to sense and prose-style. 'How delightful, how naive theories are!' he cries. 'But there is a hidden will behind them all'. Not that Lawrence can resist theories, but these are usually more disconcerting than his surges of deliberately undigested feeling. A determined Golden Ager, he assures us that things went well with the Etruscans or with southern peasants or with Chaucer—and little as we may know about the Etruscans, we must protest at the last. What could be less in tune with Lawrence's ideal of male-female relationships than either the Wife of Bath or Criseyde? The former as surely fulfilled Lawrence's definition of the detestable 'cocksure woman' as Criseyde was the conventional creature of the hated romantic love.

The perky asseverations, the fantastic theorising, the mysticism, are all absurd. But those to whom sexual ecstasy (even without mystical over-belief) seems good will find that many of Lawrence's intuitive perceptions are clear and true. The essay 'Making Love to Music', about the contemporary preference for surrogate, is frighteningly relevant today. Accept his views on the sexual relationship as a statement of even partial truth, and in the field of social criticism he has much to offer. But on problems of censorship he offers and can offer

less than nothing. 'If you feel strongly, you must persecute', wrote Samuel Butler, and those who obtain their convictions through mystical experience feel more strongly than any, for they know that they know aright. '... even I would censor genuine pornography', wrote Lawrence, and *Ulysses*, he thought, was a dirty-minded book. He would censor nasty post-cards and underworld literature and dirty limericks and smoking-room stories; he detests 'bare arms and flippancy, "freedom", cynicism and irreverence'. He divides all things into the quick (good) and the dead (bad) and 'Wordsworth, Keats, Shelly [sic], the Brontës, are all postmortem poets'. Only Lawrence's ecstasies were valid, only Lawrence knew good from evil.

Where would he have gone had he lived a little longer? His last essay suggests that 'Perennial Philosophy' or Roman Catholicism were equally likely resting-places. A rash of abstract nouns with initial capitals indicates the former; but 'The Catholic Church recognises sex, and makes of marriage a sacrament based on the sexual communion . . . it is all in the traditional consciousness of the Church'. The one thing that is certain is that Lawrence, with his tormentors, would always have believed in suppressing evil. He is really on the same side as they, and on the other Milton, today, stands almost alone.

MARGHANITA LASKI

A Universal Uncle

The Letters of Samuel Pepys and his Family Circle
 Edited by Helen Truesdell Heath. Oxford. 30s.

PEPYS IS CONTINUALLY FASCINATING from his many-sidedness; and though one might have thought that after editions of letters from Lord Braybrooke's to J. R. Tanner's, and of the *Second Diary* by R. G. Howarth there could not be much more to delight, Mrs. Truesdell Heath has here collected 188 documents, of which 162 'are for the first time reproduced in full, although short passages from some of them have been used in various biographical works'. And in these one meets again to some extent the Pepys of the first *Diary*, not indeed the gay young spark, theatre-going and music-loving, whose vagrant eye often induced pangs of jealousy in his wife, but the Pepys eager to establish his family well, the man devoted to his parents, his brothers and sister and their children, eager for their progress and prosperous standing in the world. It is amusing to see how he comes out as a Universal Uncle, even to his father, an uncle of great tolerance though able to scold where necessary, advising, urging, arranging, settling all the family affairs and their tiresome legal proceedings with an angelic patience and his usual integrity, even when he is in prison on the preposterous charges of Papistry and treason. A large number of letters in the middle of this volume is taken up with this affair; these to any but the minute historian tend to be a little tedious, and will be discreetly skimmed by the general reader who will be content with what Sir Arthur Bryant has recounted in his *Years of Peril* volume.

Yet in spite of the handsome, well-considered tribute paid to Pepys by Mrs. Heath in her informative introduction, the real interest of this book is not so much in the character of Samuel Pepys as in those of his relations; the very worthy but not too astute father, roundly abused by 'his loving kinsman' Dr. Thomas Pepys ('you wrong your own credit which once was good, but it stinks now'); Samuel's not very brilliant brothers, and his sister Paulina Jackson, who could at least be wise on occasion, and, it would appear, dependable. The continuous story throughout the volume is provided by Pepys' labours to make something of his amazing brother-in-law, Balthasar St. Michel, 'Brother Balty' of the *Diaries*. Evidently it was of no use to tell him in the early days that 'even dilligence and integrity its selfe is not always defence enough against censure', and that he must really try to improve his position and become independent: for twenty years later Balty writes in a P.S. to a letter, 'if you have an old Spare Cast-off Morning Gowne, Peruiques, and some like Cast off large Cloake-Coate', etc., that Pepys could spare, he would be very grateful. He and his wife seem to have been an impossible but enormously entertaining couple. Balty was obviously an efficient and devoted underling, but he should have lived a hundred years later and written sentimental novels. Here he is off on a short visit to Tangier on Navy Office business, a not very hazardous enterprise:

After I had tooke my leave of your Dear honour, and that after I had bine to doe the like with my prety sweet famely and leave them



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ABELL

(perhaps never more to return) desolate which burst my hart to thinke of their pretious teares both of Mother and babes . . .

and so on in a long letter full of detailed, chatty information about the first part of his journey, where, provided with only bread and cheese—he was exhibiting ‘good husbandry’—he very nearly got drowned in a ‘Cockell Shell’. The prospect, we think, might have dismayed most men, did we not know that Balty was prone to exaggeration: but luckily, we read, ‘sufferings (though inosent) haveing bine my meat and drinke for some years past, and besides my owne nature not to be dashed out of courage for dangers, I therefore resolved to proceed’. He was always melodramatic, but a born letter-writer, as we early realise when he observed ‘a Duch plesure boat’ come into the Downs, ‘which when i saw (walking upon the beach with Mr. Coulmer) i said to Mr. Coulmer, let you and i goe on board her, and See what Shee doth heere, Soe we went and founde . . .’. Other letters are as lively; and through them we see how whole-heartedly the family relied on Pepys, on his sound sense as well as on his charity. Mrs. St. Michel found his sense a little too sound, as when he reproached her for exceeding her allowance when her husband was abroad. Her ‘deare benefactor’ hadn’t taken into consideration the expense of such items as ‘sope, starch, ote mele, Salte, peper, Candels, thread, tape and Shouse, Stockins, gloves, Cloath, mending tabs, and A great many more things, to many to troble you with’. So this collection, besides giving us the minutiae of the life of the great naval administrator, the P.R.S. and so on, provides documents not only of first-rate interest to the social historian (how bitterly they squabbled about worldly goods in that metaphysical age!), but of delight to anybody curious about human nature and in love with its vagaries. It remains to be added that this is a thoroughly scholarly book, with an extremely efficient but never obtrusive apparatus, including a Calendar of 137 omitted papers, with a brief description of their contents, giving a further background to the family tale.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

Prospects for the African

The African Awakening. By Basil Davidson. Cape. 12s. 6d.

White Africans. By J. F. Lipscomb. Faber. 12s. 6d.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY of Mr. Davidson’s tale is the Congo; her happy childhood the days of King Shamba Bolongongo about 1600; the poisoned spindle European penetration, which, alas, did not merely put her to sleep; and the awakening kiss the all-out industrial development of the war period. In the Portuguese territories she is still sleeping through a dreadful nightmare.

We do well to remember that, even if central Africa did not evolve that basic device, the wheel, it had at one time a level of skill and of social organisation equal to the building of Zimbabwe. Its artistic achievements can be seen in our museums, and were, as Mr. Davidson reminds us, ‘part of daily life’. Its institutions, as the work of anthropologists has shown, were not mere reflections of barbarous superstition but, like those of any other society, arrangements for securing respect for recognised rights and the necessary co-operation of daily life; though no field anthropologist has observed the ‘socially complete laws with emphasis always on the good of the collective at the expense of the individual’, or the attitude of repugnance towards individual violence, that Mr. Davidson postulates.

Thither came, first, the slave trade, then the Congo Free State system of forced collection of rubber, and then the recruiting of migratory labour for employment in industry. Belgium, however, was the first country to recognise the economic as well as the social disadvantages of migratory labour, and to encourage Africans to settle permanently, with their families, in the urban areas and become industrial workers. Moreover, unlike the territories further south, the Congo did not stop short of the logical corollary of stabilisation. Africans there are encouraged to qualify for all kinds of industrial skills, and they respond like anyone else to the incentives of promotion and increased wages. They are also encouraged to build their own houses, which become their property. It is exhilarating to read about, as Mr. Davidson found it to see, the number of skilled operations that they undertake, and particularly the degree of independent responsibility involved by definition in the attainment of each grade.

Must not this awakening to the modern world bring with it those political aspirations with which we are familiar in other parts of Africa? Mr. Davidson is sure that it will, for many Africans are more aware of what is going on in the rest of the continent than some Europeans seem to be. Congo experience disproves the assertions that the African ‘is a child’, ‘can’t learn’, has ‘no initiative’ and no ‘character’—whatever this last quality may be. Yet Kenya Europeans, even those who speak in the most moderate tones, accuse anyone who questions them of theorising without knowledge. The favoured, and revealing, Kenya metaphor is of a public school in which the Europeans are the prefects, and, it is implied but not stated, the Head shouldn’t interfere. A well-known Kenya personage quoted this to me more than twenty years ago, and here it is again from Mr. Lipscomb. *Of course* there must be no obstacle to the promotion of the smaller boys when the prefects allow that they have developed enough ‘character’ and learned proper farming. Only the wicked or stupid rebel against such an admirable system, and it is only outside Kenya that the Mau Mau movement is regarded as the expression of legitimate grievances; perhaps Dr. Leakey’s books do not circulate in the White Highlands. Mr. Lipscomb is not alone in forgetting that if a point of view is held with enough passion, it does not matter whether its opponents think it is wrong-headed.

L. P. MAIR.

Wild West

Summer Impressions. By Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

Translated by Kyril Fitzlyon. Calder. 9s. 6d.

THESE IMPRESSIONS WERE inspired by a visit to France and England in the winter of 1862, during which Dostoyevsky spent a week in London and a rather longer period in Paris. He was forty-one years of age and had never been abroad before, but like most Russian intellectuals had brooded long and darkly on the problem of the west. When he left Russian soil it was in the mood, not so much of Baedeker, as of Jonah setting out for the city of Nineveh.

So eager was he to come to grips with his subject-matter that, after passing through Erquelines in the train, he had very soon erected a few minor observations into a whole edifice of reasoning about the French national character, without apparently realising that he was still in Belgium. The confusion may have been merely due to a slip of the pen, and Dostoyevsky may really have meant Jeumont and not Erquelines, as Mr. Fitzlyon suggests in a footnote. But the mistake is richly typical of Dostoyevsky’s general attitude. The reader who turns to this book for factual detail about mid-nineteenth-century England and France may be rather disappointed. What he will actually find is a great deal of important evidence about Dostoyevsky’s own mental processes and some indications which will enable him to orientate himself more easily in the foggy areas of Dostoyevsky’s later fiction and journalism.

The book provides what was historically Dostoyevsky’s first important theoretical statement of his view of Russia and the west, which combines certain elements of Slavophilism with various socialist ideas absorbed by him as a follower of Petrashevsky and later as a student of Herzen. In Dostoyevsky’s view, the greater spirituality and capacity for brotherhood of the Russian more than outweighed his inferiority, when compared to the west, in terms of material progress. Characteristically, the superior brotherliness of the Russian is propounded as an article of faith rather than as a subject for reasoned discussion.

In one passage of his otherwise helpful introduction Mr. Fitzlyon appears to subscribe to what is the main heresy in criticism of Dostoyevsky—the exaggeration of his significance and influence as a thinker at the expense of his importance as a novelist. Many of Dostoyevsky’s readers would save themselves needless heart-searching if they could absorb the simple truth that a great master of fiction is not necessarily a repository of ultimate wisdom. Dostoyevsky’s social and political thought cannot of course be disregarded as beneath contempt. But its main claim to serious study is as a key to parts of his later fiction. Though the more hectic theoretical disquisitions in the book possess a fascination of their own for those who know their Dostoyevsky, the main interest of English readers will probably lie in the factual tit-bits which, in spite of everything, he does contrive to let drop from time to time.

It so happens that the description of London, in a chapter significantly entitled 'Baal', is by far the best piece of writing in the book. We are given a lurid, apocalyptic, and Hogarthian vision. The air, impregnated with coal fumes, echoes with drunken curses. We see brightly decorated gin palaces and hordes of prostitutes swarming under the flaring gas jets in the Haymarket. We hear that English husbands regularly beat their wives with pokers. One ray of sunshine briefly illumines this *Walpurgisnacht*: 'There are no women in the world as beautiful as the English'. The French, to whom a great deal more space is devoted, come off even worse than we do.

As translator and editor Mr. Kyril Fitzlyon has done a really excellent job. Dostoyevsky's journalistic style (as opposed to the narrative prose of his mature period) is turgid and clumsy. It has been rendered accurately into good colloquial English which reads better than the original—a rare phenomenon indeed among English translations from the Russian. The introduction is useful and a great deal of essential information is provided in footnotes.

The book is well produced, and illustrated with drawings by Philippe Jullian.

RONALD HINGLEY

The Discipline of the Symbol

Autobiographies. By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. 21s.

THE MODERN FASHION of biography that strips away genius and leaves the temporal man is here reversed: Yeats, who saw the temporal man only as the mask worn by daimonic powers in carrying out their super-human purposes, understood his vocation as a poet as the subjection of the personal to the daimonic mind. The rare incursions of the mundane into a life disciplined in accordance with this Platonic metaphysic come with a shock of embarrassment. A poet whose concern is with those Herakleitean gods who live our death and die our life surely must not be seen celebrating the news of the award of the Nobel Prize by frying sausages at midnight!

His stylised life was not a pose but an asceticism, whose discipline seems meaningless to those who do not conceive the world as Yeats did. Scholarship played only a small part in it, but the investigation of metaphysical reality a great deal. His thought was always, in Plato's sense, intellectual rather than rational; and this gave consistency to all his studies: to his interest in the fairy lore of the Irish peasantry that as a young man he shared with the folklorist Douglas Hyde and 'A.E.' the mystic; to his practical experiments in magic with Madame Blavatski and with several occult societies; and finally, to his study of neoplatonic philosophy and the Vedantic scriptures. To a symbolist poet the construction and evocation of thought-forms is a mental discipline more valuable than the study of grammar, for the relationships that he seeks to establish are neither logical nor historical, but belong to the world of the daimonic (or to the unconscious, according to the jargon of psychology). He was concerned with the symbol, held before the mind to stir recollection: never with the image, used to enhance the reality of the natural world.

The symbol that he sought was not a personal one, but must grow out of 'a nation-wide multiform reverie', whose expression, like the art of Byzantium, though the work of many men seems the work of a single mind; he dreamed of 'a Unity of Culture defined and evoked by a Unity of Image', for 'Have not all races had their first unity from a mythology that marries them to rock and hill?' In his youth, he saw that Ireland was to be, for years to come, like soft wax; and he believed that it might be possible 'to so deepen the political passion of the nation that all, artist and poet, craftsman and day labourer, would accept some common design. Perhaps even those images, once created, . . . might move of themselves with some powerful, even turbulent life . . .'. But soon he was to write, 'the dream of my early manhood, that a modern nation can return to a Unity of Culture is false', and later still that, for individuals, Unity of Being, 'however wisely sought, is impossible without a Unity of Culture in class or people that is no longer possible at all'. Yet there is no despair in a vision that sees in the world's changes only the revolutions of the Great Year of history, and in the single human life-

time, only one of many returns (to use Plotinus' simile) of the actors to the stage, who have changed their costumes for the next act.

Men and women had for Yeats great significance, yet not so much from personal affection, one feels, as for some memorable word spoken or part enacted. Not successful as a playwright, he saw humanity with the eye of a great dramatist, giving honour alike to those he loved and those he hated. He writes of 'personifying spirits . . . that through their

dramatic power bring our souls to crisis, to Mask and Image, caring not a straw whether we be Juliet going to her wedding, or Cleopatra to her death'. He respected the pose of the poseur, even the lie of the liar, because of its dramatic appropriateness. Oscar Wilde's ignoble empire of the dinner table is not so alien from Yeats' Byzantium as it might appear: both were creations of style. Wilde, the inventor of Fiona Macleod, the magician Macgregor Mathers, Maude Gonne swaying a crowd with her oratorical and her beauty, the aesthetic pose of Lionel Johnson, even Verlaine's last decadence, he valued because all were mannered. Drunkenness he speaks of always with distaste, evidently because all loosening of control is the negation and the destruction of style. Platonist though he was, he had much in common with the Augustan age. He valued the mask not from any notion of good taste, but because he saw the human situation as the masked play of the daimons, in which the temporal man contributes only form, only that mask. Even the slow rhythm of his stiff but stately prose has much in common with the eighteenth century; and his rhetoric, like that of Pope or Dryden, is that of the spoken word.

The political events in which Yeats and his friends played their part seem themselves the flowering of the poetic genius of the Irish nation. It is difficult for an English reader

to see the issues in themselves that the Irish crowd fought over—a pack of hounds for ever pulling down some beautiful stag—as other than narrow and doctrinaire. Yet the hounding of Parnell, or of the genius of Synge, the burning of houses and the rioting in the Abbey Theatre, are the reverse side of an imagination that can recognise those very qualities of greatness and beauty it seeks to destroy. Who asks whether the cause over which heroes fight is in itself good, if it calls Hector and Achilles into action? And so with the Irish renaissance on whose soft wax Yeats and his friends imprinted form that will long outlast the historical events that gave play to their genius.

Is there any autobiography in which the early years are not more rich than the late? This is no exception—in the later sections nothing of the poet seems to remain but the buskins and the mask; and the masquerade of the world-famous public figure at the Swedish Court is but a dusty reflection of the meeting of the young poet with the Queen of the Fairies upon a lonely beach in the West of Ireland.

KATHLEEN RAINE



W. B. Yeats: by his brother, J. B. Yeats (c. 1894)

From 'Autobiographies'

The Wages Muddle

The Social Foundations of Wage Policy

By Barbara Wootton. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

THIS ABLY WRITTEN AND courageous book is an attempt to uncover the social influences which affect the fixing of wages and salaries, whether by individual or collective bargaining. The extensive use which is now made of the machinery of collective agreements and arbitration awards has invoked a widespread appeal to social rather than economic argument. Barbara Wootton reviews the wage and salary structure in contemporary Britain and analyses the lines of argument currently used in arbitration proceedings. It is a task which she is well qualified to undertake, by reason both of her long experience of wage negotiation, first as assistant in preparing trade-union demands and more recently as member of an arbitration tribunal, and also of her academic distinction in the field of social studies. The examination of current practice reveals a complete absence of consistent social principles, the vacuum being filled by reference to custom, precedent, and analogous situations, all too often in conflict with economic necessity. The consequence has been a succession of wage agreements and awards which neither satisfies those who work for a consistent policy of social improvement nor conforms with economic needs. Mrs. Wootton argues finally that the formulation of a rational wages policy is an urgent and inescapable political responsibility, and makes her own suggestions. Governments, politicians, trade unionists and employers may all disagree, but no-one will deny the intense topical interest and importance of the issues here confronted.

The account of the working of contemporary methods of wage determination is penetrating and valuable. It covers voluntary collective bargaining, statutory wage determination (following the recommendations of Wages Councils) in certain of the fields of employment in which voluntary arrangements for collective bargaining are not working, and finally the awards or recommendations of arbitration courts and tribunals. Beneath a smiling countenance an ugly character is exposed, on the whole not unfairly, to view. There are some elements of caricature in the picture as drawn. The assertion that the trade-union practice of collective bargaining has become 'a mechanism for the protection of vested interests that extends almost from top to bottom of the employed community' may amuse vast numbers of salaried and managerial employees, outside the orbit of the governmental and associated services, who are well content to rely on their individual bargaining ability. Moreover, while in various fields weakly supported professional associations may petition for salary adjustments and claim credit for subsequent changes, their impact on the dominating market forces is often insignificant, and few are deceived. Their activities should not be mistaken for collective bargaining.

By and large, this analysis amounts to no less than a condemnation of collective bargaining and arbitration as currently practised. The criteria which influence settlements are often inconsistent, irrelevant, inhibiting to adjustments which are generally agreed to be socially desirable, and inimical to national or even sectional economic development. On the whole theory of collective bargaining Mrs. Wootton says disappointingly little, and some of what is said is unhelpful. She insists that to regard trade-union activity as monopolistic selling involves an important fallacy, for a trade union 'is not a seller of labour at all, but a representative of individual sellers—which is something quite different'. An obvious parallel is the activity of trade associations and cartels which fix and enforce common prices: in their case the difference between monopolistic selling and what they do is not sufficient to exclude them from the ambit of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Act.

From an economic angle, Mrs. Wootton concludes, the situation could hardly be worse. The country is threatened with a cumulative inflation in the economy as a whole and a breakdown of the machinery for controlling the distribution of labour between industries and occupations. A government which did not pretend to know all the economic answers might rely on its general fiscal and investment policy to check inflation and induce a more healthy distribution of employment between competing occupations. Mrs. Wootton's alternative is a return to more detailed government planning of production. The government should lay down priorities for labour recruitment as between industries and occupations, and calculate annually the total fund available for wage awards without causing inflation. It should formulate a clear and con-

sistent wage policy, which would provide explicit principles to be followed by arbitrators and guidance for trades unions and employers. From the social angle, the crux of the problem as she sees it is the rival claims of equalitarian ideals and the sanctity of differentials between classes of workers. Mrs. Wootton is a leveller, holding the belief (which would surprise Africans, Indians, Chinese, and others) that western industrial society 'is characterised by an extremely unequal distribution of wealth'. She would accordingly give priority in increasing wages to rates below a level to be prescribed from time to time, tapering off any advances above that level; while departures from this principle would be applied only to redress under-manning in occupations enjoying priority under the government's production plan.

Mrs. Wootton makes it abundantly clear that she does not find the writings of economists of much practical use in the elucidation of her problem. I doubt whether she would find, among those whom she still respects, volunteers to undertake the formidable tasks of prognostication and direction which her proposals would entail.

ARNOLD PLANT

re The Bard

Studies in Elizabethan Drama. By Percy Simpson.

Hamlet Father and Son. By Peter Alexander.

Oxford. 25s. and 15s. respectively.

WHILE THE TALENTED young men are busy explaining and interpreting Shakespeare to us (Oh those brats' voices shrilling in the cupola), here are two of an older generation hardy enough to publish their work in Elizabethan literary studies. A peevish middle-aged reviewer is apt to find himself feeling that Professor Alexander and Dr. Percy Simpson are displaying two preferable ways of being useful to their fellow-men.

Dr. Simpson differs from the young in that he desires to make contributions to knowledge rather than to opinion. His book is a collection of eight essays. Two are new, one is virtually new; the others have been printed at various times since 1929. Of the reprinted essays, the most sizeable is 'The Theme of Revenge in Elizabethan Tragedy', read as the Shakespeare Lecture of the British Academy in 1935. Professor Fredson Bowers' 'Elizabethan Revenge Tragedy, 1587-1642', published in 1940, is a fuller study of the whole business, but Dr. Simpson's contribution is of notable value to the student and most certainly deserves to escape oblivion. But why should it be Sir Mortimer Wheeler who gives permission for its reprinting? The last essay, 'The Official Control of Tudor and Stuart Printing', is a generous expansion of a lecture given some years ago to the Oxford Bibliographical Society. Admirable though Dr. Simpson's interpretation of the facts is, the most useful and important part of this essay is its appendix, a chronological list of a vast number of documents concerned with the regulation of printing between 1533 and 1640. The proof-reading of this part of the book is sadly deficient but this section is of inestimable value to anyone interested in the history of the English book trade.

Most exciting to most of us will be the first essay, 'Shakespeare's Use of Latin Authors'. We have run away from the old view that Shakespeare was an unlettered boor. Dr. Simpson, going carefully through those parts of Latin literature that were available to a late-sixteenth-century reader, makes an extremely strong case for Shakespeare's having had a good knowledge, in the original, of Plautus, Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Catullus, Terence, Seneca, Juvenal, and Erasmus. Not all Dr. Simpson's examples are, naturally, equally persuasive; but his case seems to be made beyond ordinary cavil. We are left with the picture of a Shakespeare who, when he left school, did not 'drop his Latin'. Any scholar would be proud to have produced Dr. Simpson's book. When *Who's Who* informed me that the author was soon to celebrate his ninetieth birthday, my admiration reached a high intensity.

Professor Alexander has some way to go before he reaches his nineties, but he too differs from the singing infants in the cupola. He is involved in the interpretation of Shakespeare and he would agree with Housman that without interpretation there can be no criticism. But, over and above remarkable *aperçus*, he offers mature wisdom. He sets himself the task of clearing away from the study of Shakespeare much dead critical wood. He argues convincingly that Aristotle's doctrine of 'the tragic flaw', *hamartia*, is secondary to his doctrine of

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purgation, *catharsis*. He seems to me to succeed in his attempt to lay the axe to the root of one of Aristotle's and Andrew Bradley's most flourishing trees.

This book is surely the most sensible of all books about 'Hamlet'. It consists of five lectures (I had the pleasure of hearing them) and its style is light and easy, though its argument is profound. Professor Alexander is particularly successful in his demolition of the deplorable doctrine that 'Hamlet' is 'the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind'. He brings to his aid authorities who range from William Wordsworth to Raymond Chandler. Though one may wonder whether the views of Messrs. Alan Dent and Ivor Brown deserve the attention which they receive, there is force in the argument that the Olivier interpretation of 'Hamlet' got itself put before 'some 20 million spectators' and therefore 'challenges comment from students of Shakespeare'. I do not attempt to summarise Professor Alexander's arguments. I can hardly hope that 'some 20 million' readers will (though they ought to) study his book. But I do pray that it will receive the full attention of all those who have the indoctrinating of future undergraduates or, indeed, of any children.

We already owe gratitude to Dr. Simpson and Professor Alexander for their editings of Jonson and Shakespeare and for other achievements. These two books plunge us more deeply in their debt. Dr. Simpson shows us that we may still derive both delight and profit from solid scholarship. Professor Alexander reminds us that 'interpretation' is irksome and unpalatable only when it is unsupported by wisdom and maturity of judgement.

JOHN CROW

The Opposition to Lenin

The Origin of Russian Autocracy

By Leonard Schapiro. Bell. 35s.

THOSE FAMILIAR WITH even a small part of the huge literature of the Russian Revolution will have come across the dissident groups of the years 1917-1921—the Mensheviks and Left Socialist Revolutionaries, the Left Communists of 1918, the Workers' Opposition and the Kronstadt Mutineers of 1921, but will probably not feel that they know much about them. It is understandable that historians hitherto have given most of their attention to Lenin and his policies. The latest and most authoritative of the major works, E. H. Carr's *Bolshevik Revolution*, is almost wholly concerned with policy as planned and directed from the top. But the rebels have received far too little attention. Now Mr. Schapiro has admirably filled the gap. A mass of little known or forgotten facts is carefully assembled and clearly presented. The personalities and movements, which are but grey ghosts in the background of earlier works, now come fully to life, and their actions make sense. Mr. Schapiro's book not only tells us about the opposition, but places the four years of Bolshevik struggle for power in a different perspective. This will prove an indispensable work not only for specialists in Soviet history but also for all who are interested in the problem of power in communist revolution at any time or place.

There is a useful summary of the story of the 'Left SRs'. These were a left wing of the large and heterogeneous Socialist Revolutionary Party, which derived its main support from the peasantry, but also had a substantial following of industrial workers, and, like all revolutionary parties (including the Bolsheviks) was led by members of the intelligentsia. This left wing during 1917 moved even closer to Lenin's tactical point of view, and in mid-November finally broke with the main party. At that time it controlled the party's Petrograd branch, but had little support outside. It was in fact a small splinter party of intellectuals and workers, not of peasants. When eight Left SRs joined Lenin's government in December, they brought no important body of opinion with them. They were utopian maximalists and idealists, and when Lenin signed a separate peace with Germany they resigned in indignation. In July they murdered the German Ambassador and for a few hours controlled the head office of the secret police (Cheka), but they had no plan for seizing power, and their revolt fizzled out.

The same curious inability to understand the realities of power marked the action of the main SR party, which was consistently hostile to Lenin. In January 1918, when he dissolved the Constituent Assembly (in which the SRs had had 50 per cent. of the seats to the

Bolsheviks' 25 per cent.), the troops in Petrograd supported the SRs, and were ready to act against Lenin. But the SR leader, Chernov, refused to call them out. 'Not one drop of the people's blood must be spilt', he said. The result was that SR workers paraded in an unarmed protest demonstration, and a hundred of them were shot down by Bolshevik soldiers.

Mr. Schapiro devotes nearly half his book to the relations of the Bolsheviks with the working class. He discusses the policies of the various Menshevik factions, the dispute between Trotsky and the trade unions about control of the transport workers, and the rise and fall of the Workers' Opposition. He shows that the formation of the latter into a separate group with its own 'platform'—which Lenin so indignantly denounced at the 10th Congress of the Communist Party in March 1921—was a direct result of the decision of the party's leaders to allow public discussion of the trade union question and to elect delegates to the Congress by 'platforms'.

An interesting chapter is devoted to the Kronstadt revolt of 1921. Mr. Schapiro shows that at the beginning of the year the Petrograd working class was extremely discontented, and followed Mensheviks rather than Bolsheviks. The Kronstadt sailors were not under Menshevik influence, but strongly sympathised with the Petrograd workers in their opposition to the regime. The sailors accepted the revolution and the rule of soviets, but rejected the dictatorship of the communist party. It was essentially a popular revolutionary movement, with all the weaknesses, as well as all the sincerity and courage, of such movements. Lenin mercilessly crushed it, and Soviet writers have so successfully distorted it that even distinguished Western historians have been influenced. Mr. Schapiro puts the story in a truer perspective. But there is still room for further research on this very important event.

Mr. Schapiro concludes with an interesting analysis of 'Leninism triumphant'. All who wish to understand the great conflicts of our time would do well to give very careful thought to his judgement on the events of these fateful years:

In 1921 the fate of the country lay in the hands of Lenin. He had a chance of burying past enmities and of carrying the vast majority of the country with him in an attempt to build up ruined Russia on the basis of co-operation and legal order, and not of the dictatorship of an unpopular minority. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that a greater man than Lenin would have seized this chance. But Lenin's genius lay in the technique of grasping and holding power. He was a great revolutionary, but not a statesman.

G. H. N. SETON-WATSON

We regret that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, Mr. H. G. Nicholas' review of 'The Battle of Criche Down' could not appear in this issue.

To a Girl in the Morning

Hair blurred by slumber still;
The dreams in which you moved
Towards such prodigies
As loving and being loved
Slow gently, like a hill,
Your limbs; and in your eyes
I see myself transformed
To what Circe once charmed.

Before your innocence
And infinite desire,
Wisdom and age will stagger
And start to doubt their power,
While you recite the tense
That drives a yearning dagger
In those who know what scar
Future and past must score.

The thought that generations
Spring to infinity,
Could formerly sustain
Such death-racked men as I.
But now the state of nations
Threatens a burnt-out strain,
And you may be the last
Of those who have moved my lust.

ROY FULLER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

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Serious Topics

AMID THE CEREBRAL TURMOIL about the menace, I see the serene, intent profile of the young Icelandic girl pianist, Thorunn Tryggvason, playing in the Mozart Concerto in C with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra last week. She posed a moving memory, which is suffused with gratitude to all the music makers who have the power to charm our thoughts, however briefly, away from the central problem of whether it is to be bang or whimper. The next day it was announced that bang is out. Earth's atmosphere can be noiselessly destroyed.

No one can complain that B.B.C. television has been dodging the overriding issue. It came up in 'News and Newsreel' and in the party political broadcast. It was part of the theme of the opening programme of the new 'International Commentary' series. It was all the theme of 'Viewfinder'. In that one, Bertrand Russell, Liddell Hart, and Sir John Slessor expressed opinions which confirmed us in our feeling of being cross-bearers. By the weekend we came near to wondering how soon it will be wits' end.

The philosopher did not much assist our sympathies. The military critic was all too logical. The air expert expounded pragmatic common sense. Aidan Crawley's dissection of their views and of the broad situation which they reflected was capably done without essaying any radical thinking on a subject which may eventually compel it to a startling degree. He was like a man picking his way through a psychic wilderness strewn with the debris of archaic ideas. Can it be that now only shock treatment will cure the world neurosis? 'Viewfinder' left us in a much more solemn mood than it found us; hard on the picturesque little Ulster film which followed. The programme carried its load of authority without stumbling, a competent affair which would have been still more so if the producer had not again shown us Aidan Crawley's back once too often. The drop in voice level was slightly annoying and, I should have thought, needless. One can understand a producer yearning for new camera angles. The scope for ambi-

tion in that direction is still extremely frustrating.

Like Aidan Crawley, Christopher Mayhew exercises his television personality in the temperate zone of discussion. Both are obviously repelled by the more arrogant egotisms of power politics; neither is subtle; both, again, facing a large generalised audience, are most effective at the platitudinous level. Their power of comprehension is much in excess of the average. Each can take the historic view of a situation and, making no concession to rhetoric, can interpret



Dresses shown in 'Wool in Fashion' on March 16

in simple and convincing terms. They get up their cases as methodically as lawyers. In being judicial they risk almost their reputations, since it is the passionate pleader who 'gets' the gallery. I wish they would sometimes show a touch of feeling, enthusiasm even. It would help to stave off the suggestion of uninspired intelligences at grips with immense problems, a comment with a wider context than that of any television series.

Taking up the coexistence theme, which he is to develop in further 'International Commentary' programmes, Christopher Mayhew made a good show of presenting the Russian case in default of the promised co-operation from the Soviet end, capping it by putting us aurally in touch with the *Daily Worker* man in Moscow. The voice that came to us from there might

have been speaking out of a West End club armchair. It was a little begrudging, I thought, in its endorsement of Mayhew's almost excessively fair statement of the Moscow view. More forceful, in the other direction, was Irving Brown, European representative of the American Federation of Labour. He insisted that, as undeviatingly as the

Russians themselves, we must keep our eyes on their avowed world objectives. His words bit like acid into the texture of the programme. In the light of present events, 'International Commentary', fifth series, ought to be important television in helping to rend the veil of expediency which masquerades as amity among the nations.

Two discussion programmes were the press conference with Herbert Morrison, doing duty as the Labour Party political broadcast, and a new version of 'In the News', which for once was minus the professional political element.

Lady Birkenhead and Lady Pakenham faced Randolph Churchill and the assistant general secretary of the T.U.C., George Woodcock, though not as a pair, and both made adequate use of a somewhat rarely accorded chance for the sex to display itself at that table. There was a certain relief to the ear in not having to listen to the strident party note. A little obviously and somewhat belatedly thrown the bait of 'newspaper ethics,' Randolph Churchill thrust his chin into a lively affray revolving round the relations of the press and the medical profession. Scornful of the lower-grade journalism, he blamed the newspaper proprietors, not the public. There would be more logic in attacking the education system which produces the circulations he deplores. George Woodcock made as good points as any but in the tone of a pedagogue. Visually, the programme was better than most of its kind, thanks to a vigilant camera. The programme on behalf of the Labour Party gave

us a good look at one of its leaders who has lately not been much in the public eye and who, judging by this occasion, has an acceptable television personality. In deciding not to be opinionated, Herbert Morrison scored what was possibly a success of strategy as well as of individuality.

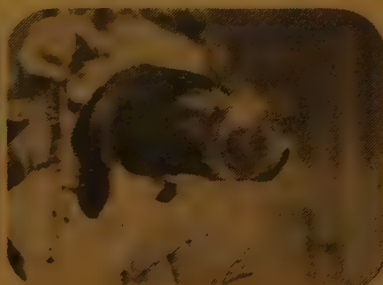
'Nine Days' Wonders', the series about historical mysteries, finished its brief, befuddled course with Frank Owen moving a step further towards the television reputation which he seems fated to make. Already, I hear, the taxi-drivers of London have reversed their usual routine and are hailing him. Meanwhile, Michael Mills, the producer, writes to tell me that I was wrong in assuming that he had taken the idea for the series from current newspaper articles on the same lines. He says 'it was mooted three years ago'. The mills of B.B.C. television grind more slowly than even I had realised.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Mrs. Shufflewick

THIS WEEK, as the chairman of 'The Critics' might say, we welcome Mrs. Shufflewick. Next, as the learned chairman of the Bench might say of Charles Chaplin, who is Mrs. Shufflewick? The simple answer is that this tart and bedizened female is the single-handed saviour of Ralph Reader's 'It's a Great Life', which is otherwise counter-indicated for those lacking *joie-de-vivre*. Mrs. Shufflewick, some far relative of Dickens' Miss Tox, perhaps, is an archetype of British



As seen by the viewer: 'Dog International', televised from Reading on March 18—left, a schnauzer; right, a pointer

Photographs: John Cura

tumour which one had thought extinct since the days of women's suffrage or the Halls of Nellie Wallace or Lily Morris. Lean, suspicious yet inconsequent of mind, she clutches a boa and sports a toque from which project flaccid quills. She is in a constant state of indignation and heartburn, and makes a tremendous business of being offered a drink, which she takes as a slight on her status as a perfect lady—and indeed she is so frail, she is liable to 'come over queer' on the least provocation. Mrs. S. is a caution and she shows that the great heart of the nation never changes, or some such indication.

At any rate, this Mrs. Shufflewick diversified Saturday night: the conjuring of David Berglas, one of those who juggles with liquids, literally pouring quarts into pint pots, was pleasantly tantalising and there was one other turn of, I thought, great sociological interest: one George Martin, who made laconic random observations about the week's television and the state of the world as seen there-through (or via one of the large circulation picture papers). One thought of Will Rogers and the vast influence he wielded in much the same way. Mr. Martin, like some infinitely confident smiler and know-all of the public bar, held us like the ancient mariner and discoursed in parables about Mr. Bevan, 'these Russians', the hydrogen bomb, and I know not what else. I was too much interested to list the topics touched on and dare not (after last week's misattribution of Jessica's best line to Nerissa) trust my dim old memory. But it seemed to me that Mr. Martin at election time might be worth Will Rogers and Tallulah Bankhead rolled into one as far as swinging the electorate goes. 'If these things be done in the green bow . . .'. So it is with Billy Graham whose Gary Cooper voice and unclerical good looks touch an audience the Church Militant had failed to win.

The studio audience hung upon Mr. Martin's lips; it might have been Max Beerbohm slowly uncoiling pearl ropes of wit. A worn but unexpected gag about an 'old lady locked in there for weeks' with which he capped one of those exceptional loud studio bangs, caused by the producer fainting, brought generous rounds of applause. I ask pardon if I see George Martin too much as a portent: he is also a likeable comedian and efficient.

The children had a play, 'Marie Tussaud', in which Madame told a wondering American couple the story of her childhood. This was a pleasant and competently handled costume piece which touched all the expected notes firmly and clearly, like a music mistress playing a scale: just so. The adults for Sunday night were treated to a disappointment. Elaine Morgan's 'Mirror, Mirror' had an excellent central idea for a comedy: the reversal of fortune and the family upset consequent upon a fading beauty's daughter being hypnotised into the 'feeling' that she was the real beauty (which, as all know, is more important than the fact that one is not). Alas, the good idea was thrown away upon a household of such appalling silliness and vulgarity of heart that one only longed for them all to die of rat poisoning or flu. The chatter and inanity of these people passed endurance: there was no single line of wit or feeling. Even the interior decorations were of an unsurpassed silliness. Sylvia Marriott as the mother, Brenda Hogan as the transformed ugly duckling, and Bernard Lee as the hypnotist were all more or less loyal to the idea, but truth and style were not in the circumstances possible to achieve. It made rather a deadly evening.

'What's My Line?' came to a blessed close at the end of its fifth edition. Some old panellists, and the inevitable Gilbert Hard-



Brenda Hogan as Frankie and Bernard Lee as Mervin Llewellyn in 'Mirror, Mirror' on March 20

ing, were resurrected and the note was badly forced on many occasions. On Monday night, those who cared to risk the consequences of over-excitement were invited home to see how Lady Barnett actually lives in her own home. This was *hors d'oeuvres* to Mr. Foa's 'The Night Bell', one of Donizetti's French vaudevilles, *La Sonnette de Nuit*, which will be repeated tonight (Thursday).

Christopher Hassall had prepared an English version of this rather charming if unedifying tale of a jilted suitor who wrecks the wedding night of the elderly chemist who has won his girl by perpetually pealing the Night Bell. Mr. Foa in an introduction suggested that the bass-baritone duets are like a dress rehearsal for *Don Pasquale*. Possibly: but the point is not under-



Scene from 'Marie Tussaud', a play for children, on March 17: Judy Leaning in the title-role and Carl Bernard as Voltaire

lined by putting the essentially eighteen-thirtyish vaudeville forward to the fatigued *fin de siècle* of what now is everywhere called 'the turn of the century'. The production perkily kept up a cheerful visual pantomime, sometimes rather heavy in hand: but the musical side was not correspondingly firm. The recitative limped and the singing was apt to be sketchy. Still, it made a change, as they say, and brought some pretty tunes and tricks before us.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Plain and Peak

DANCE AND PROVENÇAL SONG, yes, but not much 'sunburnt mirth'. It is oppressively hot on the plain of Provence in this summer of 1860; but Daudet's suitably torrid 'L'Arlésienne' (Third) remains glum enough. Its lavish atmospheric decoration cannot blur the bare truth that everything is working up to a scene when somebody must crash to death. 'If anyone were to fall all that way on these stones!' Rose Mamai says, in effect, as she looks up at the hayloft from which Arles can be discerned in the distance; and there, in the first act, the end is 'planted'. Before long, none can doubt that Rose's son, Frédéri, is doomed. What happens upon the way is in no sense major drama. Yet, on the air, we do forget the contrivances. Certainly, on Sunday, with Bizet's exciting music to help us, with Gladys Young to establish Rose's sharply single-minded mother-love, and Raymond Raikes to draw the production together, the old play took us—willing captives—to that Provençal world, its passions as strong as the blast of the mistral; to the farm courtyard and kitchen, to the salt-marshes of the Camargue, and to the room beneath the hayloft where Rose Mamai waits on a June night for tragedy inevitable.

There Gladys Young could call the scene to our eyes. From the first, 'L'Arlésienne' had never been studio-clenched. One knows players who summon nothing but a magnified picture of the microphone; but, for us, Miss Young is never reading a script: she is the person she says she is, and it was lucky for her dramatist that she could enter Le Castalet to be Rose, not to ventriloquise from a distance. David Peel as Frédéri, and (in his few charged moments) Anthony Jacobs as the sombre-passionate drover, helped to fix the atmosphere of a play that might have 'Love, love, nothing but love' as its epigraph, and that gives the lie to Rosalind's 'Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love'. One of the most redoubtable figures is the girl from Arles, that beaker full of the warm south, who never appears. She has wound the play up; she leaves before it begins to strike.

We quit the plain for the Scandinavian peak, mistral for snow-wind: 'The Master Builder' (Home). Solness has no head for heights. Some listeners, I imagine, still find Ibsen's venture in the symbolical-autobiographical quite dizzying. There are harps in the air—but the meaning, what of that? The master-builder, indeed, has built for many a kind of heartbreak house—which reminds us that Ibsen's prose drama shines here into poetry just as Shaw's does. Always the drama of Solness and Hilda is an invigorating fight, one splendidly realised by Malcolm Keen as the architect who must climb, and Ursula Howells as the urgent spirit of Youth. Genius cannot relinquish its task; the ageing should perish rather

than cease to strive, to dare the impossible. There was not a single crack in the chimney of this production (by Val Gielgud and Michael Bakewell). The helpers and servers rallied masterfully, and of course Gladys Young was there, right again (and so different from Rose Mamai) as poor Mrs. Solness who says, 'It's no more than my duty and I'm very happy to do it' in tones suggesting that all she needs is a nice quiet coffin.

Miss Young arrived once more, at first patiently, then (as the years mounted) lugubriously, in 'Here and Now' (Home), a three-period play by Lionel Brown. In spite of its excellent acting and production it seemed to me, I am afraid, to be wholly dolorous. Constructed on the 'Milestones' formula, in three periods, it surveys the hazards of married life. This sort of construction is dangerous if you cannot animate a plausible family in the first episode; Mr. Brown's piece, which has the best intentions in the world, sags from platitude to platitude, and reminded me throughout of Sarah as we meet her first in 1898, 'dressed from head to foot in sombre Bismarck brown'. Although I did get excited for a moment about the possibility of Granny's visit to a picture-palace on a foggy evening in 1918, I cannot say with honesty that the problem will recur in any long sleepless nights ahead.

In 'Scrapbook for 1930' (Home) Time rested on the peaks of a quarter of a century ago: the year when a young batsman, Don Bradman, swooped on England, and when Amy Johnson flew to Australia (we heard her voice); the year of the Sydney Harbour bridge, and Lansbury's Lido, and the crash of the airship R.101 upon that hillside at Beauvais. It is not a simple job to get such fragments of history as these into a reasonable design; but Leslie Baily (the author) and Vernon Harris (the producer) did it in an hour of wistful backward-looking. I found myself embarrassed only by the pseudo-poetic phrasing of some of the commentary. We needed direct speech. As it was, I felt rather as Polly, in 'Caste', did of red-currant jam: 'At the first taste, sweet; and afterwards, shuddery'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Tale of Two Cities

NOTICING IN LAST WEEK'S *Radio Times* that we were to be given a half-hour aural impression of Bolton in the Light Programme, followed, shortly after, by three-quarters-of-an-hour of similar experience of Sheffield (Home Service) I rashly resolved to listen to both with the idea of discussing this radio device of the stay-at-home tour. Rashly, I say, because experience ought to have warned me that these lightning tours can be very slow and tiring, and therefore to pack a couple of them into two hours was 'asking for it'. And I certainly got what I asked for.

The first, 'As We See It: Bolton', was the work—both script and performance—of the Younger Generation, or rather a fraction of it selected from among the under-twenties of Bolton who were provided by 'Parade' with mobile recording facilities, a studio for dramatised scenes and narration, and professional advice when required. What was the result of their efforts? I would gladly have been shocked by unorthodox ideas, some sign that the juniors were inclined to flout the well-worn, not to say outworn, conventions in which their elders seem to be getting bogged down in this type of programme, but my feelings were spared. The broadcast was planned in faithful accordance with tradition, including that exasperating habit, when a factory is described, of broadcasting the noise of the machinery and setting the speaker to compete with it, with the

result that half of what he is saying is lost in the roar and the listener is unbearably harassed by the vain attempt to hear him. The young folk of Bolton do not always talk very clearly and they would have been wise to avoid this unequal contest. All the same, those who planned the programme provided enough information about Bolton to give the impression that it is a busy, friendly town with a vigorous life of its own. But to criticise the broadcast justly I would have to know how much professional advice entered into its composition.

These Younger Generation programmes are, I imagine, primarily intended for younger generation listeners, for whom they doubtless provide not only interesting entertainment but also an opportunity to cultivate a critical ear. As for those who planned and broadcast this programme, I am sure they will have learned much from the experience and especially from the blush-making ordeal of listening to a recording of oneself. And now for the full-blown professionals.

With Raymond Baxter we approached Sheffield by air and in no time we were in the city, in one of the great steel-works where slabs of steel were being cut up and dropped on to the rolling-mill, there to be rolled out into sheets—a process mounting to an intensity of noise that demanded of our guide, Max Robertson, vocal powers of a superhuman scale, until, when it approached its climax, he broke into shouts and then into blood-curdling yells which so undermined my nerves that I had to clap hands to ears and forgo further instruction. When I ventured to emerge, a quiet voice—was it Philip Robinson's?—was purveying various details of past and present history, and there followed a short account of Sheffield's aesthetic, intellectual, and sporting activities, remarkable for their number and variety. It was a pity to include recorded fragments of some of the meetings of their respective committees. The most lively committee-meeting has of necessity its humdrum moments, and in these recordings those moments seemed to have been specially selected.

In all respects the broadcast followed the familiar pattern. Like the first, but to a much greater degree, it created an impression of an intensely live community, but there was far too much inessential makeweight spooned into it, and in programmes like these every detail that does not strengthen the whole impression inevitably weakens it. Of what value, for example, were those scraps from committee-meetings, the visit to the signal-box outside Sheffield's Victoria Station, or the reminiscence of a journey up the Amazon River by one of the elder townsmen?

I should like to hear an attempt to give a vivid impression of a town by the unassisted, or rather unobstructed, spoken word. We have heard from time to time excellent examples of this method in programmes on the Soane Museum, Apsley House, Greenwich, and elsewhere. These, of course, are quiet places and therefore live broadcasting has been possible, whereas in noisy places the reporter would have to take notes and write up his impressions afterwards. So much the better. The 'emotion recollected in tranquillity' might well be more vivid than extempore reactions on the spot, and as for noise, how about bursting the mind's ear-drums with a little quiet but deadly description?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Hindemith's New Symphony

WEDNESDAY EVENING of last week brought us, among other things, performances of two modern symphonies, Rubbra's Third and Hinde-

mith's 'Die Harmonie der Welt'. I do not suggest that we can, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, deduce from these two works a pattern of the modern symphony. But it is significant that both these composers, so very different in their outlook and manner, should have abandoned the sonata-form type of movement with its dramatic conflict between subjects and tonalities worked-out and finally resolved, which was the staple of the classical symphony. In its place Rubbra, like Sibelius in his Fifth Symphony, relies upon a continuous development of his themes, holding the structure together by long pedal-points or stretches of *ostinato* figures in the bass. It is, in essence, a sort of loose variation-form, which becomes more explicit and conventional in the finale of the Third Symphony.

Hindemith, who conducted his own work at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert, also relies in his finale, a passacaglia, on the variation-form. The structural principle of the first two movements is harder to discern, even with the help of the admirably printed miniature score published by Messrs. Schott. The first movement breaks down into a series of sections in different tempi, which seem to be self-contained, apart from their actual continuity. The slow movement is more straightforward in its lyricism, though it too ends with a new section in a different rhythm marked 'like a nostalgic dance heard afar off'. It may be that the programme implicit in 'Die Harmonie der Welt' may explain its mysteries when it is eventually made clear in the projected opera, to which the symphony is related. For, like the 'Mathis' Symphony, this latest work is derived from music designed for an opera; but, unlike the 'Mathis' Symphony, each movement is not a compact, well-defined scene or picture.

Yet, though the design is somewhat obscure, its emotional content is clear enough. Just as 'Mathis' was a manifesto of the artist's rights in society, so the new symphony seems to proclaim, through the person of Kepler, the scientist's responsibilities. If those responsibilities are faithfully shouldered—and the slow movement seems to attain to a confident belief—then the harmony of the world, Kepler's *Harmonices Mundi*, can be preserved. Possibly the disjointedness of the opening movement ('Musica Instrumentalis', the instruments being scientific) is designed to foreshadow the disunity which at present prevails on the subject. But, whatever interpretation we put upon it, the symphony is, in its imaginative power and forthright expression, a major work. I regret the more having had to miss the performances of the American Requiem which Hindemith conducted at the end of the week.

Hindemith's name has been prominent of late, and the week saw the end of the series of programmes containing his *Kammermusik* of twenty-five years ago. It sounds, particularly No. 6 for viola d'amore and orchestra and the delightful *Kleine Kammermusik* for wind (a real modern divertimento), much less mechanical, and much more human than one expected. Hindemith has the saving grace of humour and, rarer endowment in a German, of wit. This last programme was excellently played by a number of distinguished instrumentalists under the direction of Walter Goehr. As a conductor of the classics in the Philharmonic concert, Hindemith went for strength and, as one might expect, for making the most of any contrapuntal texture. Haydn's 'London' Symphony (No. 104 in D) was thus given an unusual grandeur, even though one felt that the interpretation verged on the 'laut und brutal'—to quote one of the markings in 'Die Harmonie der Welt'.

For the non-stop listener there was between

Rubbra's Symphony, of which the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra under John Hopkins gave a good account, and the Philharmonic concert, a programme of Hindemith's chamber-music; and after the concert a programme of new music. But enough's enough, and even a critic must come up for breath now and then, not to mention food and sleep. A similar piece of planning in the Third Programme would have kept the enthusiast, who wished to hear Sibelius'

splendid incidental music to 'Everyman', as well as Szymanowski's 'King Roger', hard at it for a stretch of nearly four-and-a-half hours, with a lovely programme of Quintets by Boccherini and Dvorák finely played by the Quintetto Chigiano and Hindemith's 'Die junge Magd' still to come.

Not to end on a querulous note, let me compliment the Aeolian String Quartet on their excellent performance of Elizabeth Maconchy's

Fifth Quartet, in which the composer displays a complete mastery in the handling of her complex material, as well as an even greater command of the true string-quartet style than in the earlier works of the series. Denis Stevens, following Professor Bukofzer, gave an interesting account of a piece of detective work in the Record Office and produced the admirable fruits of his labours.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Vagn Holmboe: Danish Composer

By ROBERT SIMPSON

Holmboe's three quartets will be broadcast on Sunday, March 27 at 10.25 p.m., Wednesday, March 30 at 10.10 p.m., and Thursday, March 31 at 10.10 p.m. (all Third)

THERE is at present a vigorous school of individual composers in Denmark. To call it a 'school' is, perhaps, to mislead, since most of these composers have little more in common than their Danish nationality. The work of Carl Nielsen in the first third of the present century had a highly stimulating effect on Scandinavian music in general; the great lesson he taught many a young composer was the secret of being his natural self, without succumbing to the easy ways of achieving cacophony prescribed by those who wished to find systematic methods of expressing intellectual phobias. His influence was salutary, and resulted in a rejuvenation of the musical life of his own country; few of the present-day Danish composers are afraid to let themselves go. Their talents, of course, vary in quality, as do their styles. Not many of them achieve more than honest workmanship, but the few who show outstanding gifts are fortunate in having such rich soil for their roots. Denmark is a small country; its population is less than half that of London—yet it shows an astonishing wealth in its musical world. Such composers as Vagn Holmboe, Niels Viggo Bentzon, Jørgen Bentzon, and Herman D. Koppel would be outstanding artists in many a far larger community.

Holmboe was born in Jutland (in the small town of Horsens) in 1909. He is therefore now in middle life, at full maturity. He did not at first intend to become a musician, for his early influences were towards the visual arts (these are very popular in Scandinavia, and his father was a maker of lacquers and paints). Both his parents, however, were musical and he himself learned the violin during his boyhood. His first creative efforts were in painting, but he soon turned to musical composition and was admitted to the Conservatorium in Copenhagen at the age of seventeen. There he studied for some three years, then went to Berlin to work under Ernst Toch. Academic training, however, did little more than give him discipline and he found the German artistic atmosphere unsympathetic. Soon after this experience his marriage to a Rumanian pianist brought about a new and vital interest; he became absorbed in Rumanian folk-music and, subsequently, in that of Denmark. From the mid-nineteen-thirties onwards his own music developed a new consistency and character, and he is now one of the strongest and most striking composers in Scandinavia.

His output has been considerable as well as varied. Like Nielsen, he is versatile, and has so far explored many fields. No fewer than eight symphonies stand to his credit (the Sixth has already been broadcast in the Third Programme), and he has produced a large volume of chamber music (including ten Chamber Concertos for different combinations) as well as

an opera and a ballet. The list of his works in the new *Grove* is sadly incomplete and out of date.

In Holmboe's mature style there is a remarkable fusion of apparently disparate elements. The tang of Rumanian folk music is sometimes there in the subject matter, as well as the strong Hungarian influence of Bartók, whom Holmboe greatly admires. Occasionally one scents a whiff of Nielsen in some of his more diatonic and characteristically Danish themes, though their treatment rarely recalls Nielsen's methods, except perhaps in the symphonies, where he gives freedom to a fine talent for spacious, clear-cut architecture. From Nielsen, perhaps, he has learned contrapuntal fluency and discovered how to unite transparency of texture with strong harmonic and tonal processes, which generate big and impressive climaxes. It is this latter power which makes so convincing and unexpected his absorption of Bartók's influence. Bartók's angular melodic style and his percussively balletic use of rhythm do not easily lend themselves to the building of long, predominantly contrapuntal processes that create the kind of large-scale harmonic tensions typical of true symphonic writing. In an idiom such as Bartók's it is far easier to evoke static moods on a small scale (as in the wonderful three short middle movements of his Fifth Quartet) than to construct forms of spacious growth, especially in quick pieces.

This Danish composer seems to have been determined (consciously or otherwise) to have the best of both worlds. Although his musical personality is not so powerful as either Bartók's or Nielsen's, he has undoubtedly succeeded in achieving a homogeneous, individual synthesis; he seems free to move suddenly from a Nielsen-like continuity of contrapuntal texture to a Bartók-like abrupt percussive astringency without damaging the cogency of his thought. A description such as this, of course, is an oversimplification; Holmboe's music has many other facets, many of them entirely peculiar to himself.

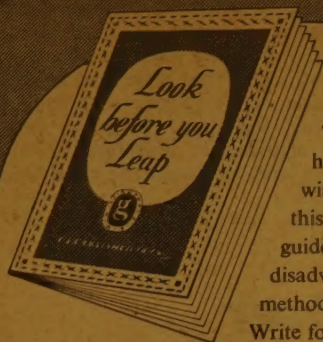
It has been said of him that he is perhaps the most Danish of younger composers. This seems true insofar as it refers to the clarity and purity of his invention and its direct contact with Danish folk-music, as well as to its debt to Nielsen. Yet, besides his leanings towards Rumania and Hungary, there is one important respect in which he is not typically Danish. His music does not smile easily; it is austere, consistent in the intensity of its seriousness. To describe it thus is not to call it grim; it is utterly free from the more dismal qualities of self-conscious contemporary music. One feels only on rare occasions that Holmboe is worrying about being 'modern'. He composes quite spontaneously; but he disciplines what flows out of him

with great severity. His melodic invention is, at first impression, apt to seem dry; it does, however, come to assume an ever-increasing significance as the work develops. Often, out of seemingly unpromising material, Holmboe creates, by sheer concentration, genuine climaxes that are both physically and intellectually exciting. Warmth of feeling comes less readily, though he has a fine way of reserving such for the end of a work, as the sympathetic listener will observe at the close of the Third Quartet.

The three string quartets were all composed during 1949 and so do not represent successive phases in his career. They do, however, demonstrate the variety of character and texture of which his mature style is capable, as well as his control of structure. Their strongly tonal qualities and their excellent natural blend of diatonic and chromatic writing will be clear at once. The First Quartet is in three large movements; the other two both possess five. Bartók's hand may be felt more strongly in these quartets than in the symphonies. The strenuous last movement of No. 1, for instance, has moments that bring the Hungarian's name involuntarily to the lips; the same is true of passages in the other two quartets—in the central third movement of No. 2 (a spiky species of scherzo) and in the opening *lento* of No. 3. Perhaps Bartók is also behind Holmboe's love of irregular rhythms, though these may also be partly traceable to Rumania. Of the three works, the Third is without a doubt the strongest in character and structure, though No. 2 is more immediately attractive, with its dancing first movement (where Holmboe does smile, albeit a little wryly). No. 1 opens with an impassioned viola solo, itself the start of a broad slow introduction; the composer's mastery of movement and construction is well shown in his adaptation of this theme to the purposes of the *animato* that follows. But the best of Holmboe is in No. 3; to appreciate it, listen to the deeply moving last movement, a short, quiet, yet concentrated *lento* coming hard upon an overwhelmingly energetic *allegro deciso*.

Seven concerts, conducted by Bruno Walter and Sir Malcolm Sargent, will be given at the Royal Festival Hall by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra between May 11 and June 1. The prospectus will be available on March 26, when subscription booking will open. Booking for single concerts will begin on April 9.

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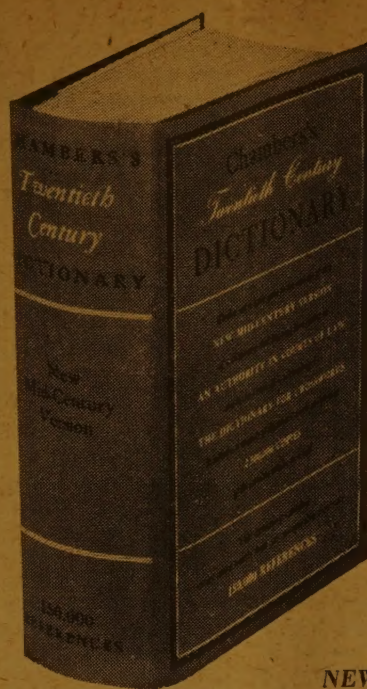
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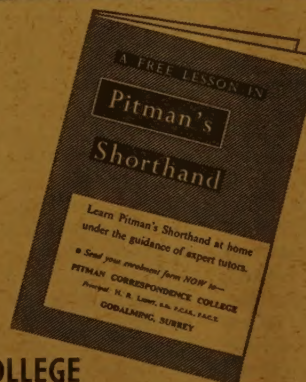
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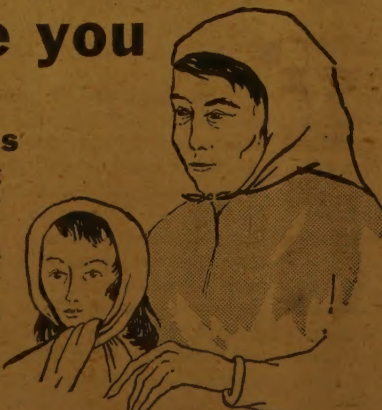
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

KNOWING YOUR ONIONS

BEFORE I GO INTO the subject of onion recipes, I should like to deal with two of the main objections to onions. First, that oniony smell lingers on the fingers. To avoid it, directly after you have finished peeling and chopping the onions, put your hands straight under the cold water and wash with dry mustard. Rub the mustard well in, while you rinse under the cold water. Then, still in cold water, wash with soap and rinse. You will find there will not be a sign of onion on your hands.

For the oniony flavour that lingers in the mouth long after the meal has been digested—if it is your objection to onions, try blanching them. Slice them into cold water, bring them to the boil, and then discard the water; dry the onions and continue with the cooking. It does not spoil their flavour, but it does avoid much of that after-taste.

There is a colourful, spicy side-dish to serve with a curry. Slice some tomatoes and some onions very thinly on to a dish, season well and drizzle liberally with a worcester sauce. It looks good, and it adds even more heat to a hot curry. This next onion dish is better known: French onion soup. With my favourite recipe you do not need stock, just water; and the whole thing is very quickly made—it can be ready in less than an hour. Fry two large onions till they are golden and just beginning to turn golden. Stir in a spoonful of flour, then pour on gradually 2 pints of cold water. Season well and simmer gently till the soup is really well flavoured. Then add for seasoning and pour it straight on to bread and cheese—that is, lightly toasted, and bread sprinkled very liberally with grated cheese.

Now, a recipe for those of you who like to

try something a little uncommon: pan-fried apples and onions. We have found this particularly good to serve with sausages and mash. You need good, sharp apples—about twice as many apples as onions. Fry the sliced onions in a saucepan till they are soft and just beginning to turn golden. Then quarter and core the apples but do not peel them. Slice them into the onions, season well, put the lid on the pan and let them cook together in their own steam for at least ten minutes.

LOUISE DAVIES

A MEDITERRANEAN DISH

'Arroz' is one of those Mediterranean rice dishes bright yellow with saffron. Some are made with rabbit and globe artichokes, others with chicken, pigs' tails, and black puddings. The sort I want to tell you about are made with fish. They can be cooked and served in a low, copper, preserving pan; fireproof metal; or a wide, low casserole. You need onions, tomatoes, garlic, saffron, olive oil, one pound of white fish (a mixture of, say, hake and skate) one pound of mixed shell fish, say, cockles, a pint of mussels, a couple of scallops, and half-a-dozen prawns.

Fry a finely chopped onion with half a pound of chopped tomatoes in a quarter of a pint of olive oil. Add about one pound of mixed white fish. (Keep the bones and trimmings to make a fish broth in which to cook the rice.) Add the pound of the cleaned and prepared mixed shell fish, a couple of scallops cut up, and six red prawns left in their shells. Fry all the fish together, add two fistfuls of rice per person, and twice as much stock as rice. You can measure this in a teacup. Season it with salt and a little saffron mashed up with a clove of garlic, and cook on a slow fire till the liquid has evaporated

and the rice is soft. Finish it with five minutes in a hot oven so that it is crisp on the top.

SHEILA HUTCHINS

Notes on Contributors

HARRY JOHNSON (page 503): Lecturer in Economics, Cambridge University

ROSALIND ROWSELL (page 505): journalist, broadcaster and lecturer; formerly on the staff of the South African Broadcasting Corporation; has lived for many years in Rhodesia and is at present on a lecture tour in England

PAUL-MARC HENRY (page 507): Secretary-General of the Commission for Technical Co-operation in Africa; previously in French Administrative Service Overseas

MARGARET HALL (page 511): Lecturer in Economics, Oxford University

R. H. MACMILLAN (page 515): Lecturer in Engineering, Cambridge University; author of *Theory of Control*

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS (page 517): Lecturer in English Law, London University

REV. V. A. DEMANT, D.Litt. (page 520): Canon of Christchurch and Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology, Oxford University; author of *Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, *Theology of Society*, etc.

WILLIAM PLOMER (page 521): poet and author of *Museum Pieces*, *Four Countries*, etc.

E. A. R. ENNION (page 531): Director of Monks' House Bird Observatory and Field Research Station, Seahouses, Northumberland

G. H. N. SETON-WATSON (page 545): Professor of Russian History, London University, since 1951; author of *The Pattern of Communist Revolution*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,299.

Twins—II.

By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Sending date: First post on Thursday, March 31. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner

A clue, treated as a whole, leads to two quite different lights. One set of lights is to be inserted in the left-hand square, the other in the right-hand square. One of the eight longest lights carries an indication as to the square to which it belongs. Situation (or the lack of it) in the clues is mainly leading. The unchecked letters can be arranged as follows: APOLOGIES: TYKE, A WILDLY-WALLOW-

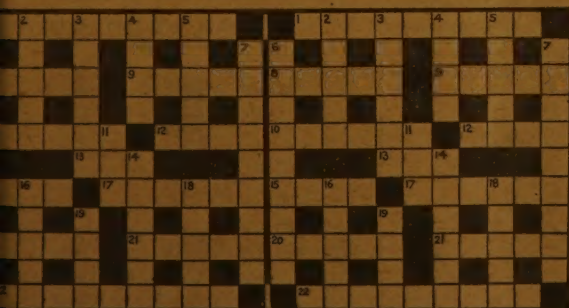
ING PARANOIAC, WOULD BEG MERCY FOR THIS CHARACTERISTIC, LAME, VACUOUS, AGGRAVATING TORTUOSITY.

CLUES—ACROSS

- This man is one's chief assistant (5, 4)
- Silent, yet implied (5)
- Not a wholly-attractive animal, although extremely winning in a half-dose (5)
- Sort of stream, as a rule (6)
- A blood-sucking insect (4)
- Container formed from the end of another across light (in the same square) (3)
- By no means normal in type (4)
- Spot (6)
- A tropical tree or its fruit (5)
- One of the senses (5)
- British birds whose tails are sold in shops (9)

DOWN

- Bony part of the head in part of a cushion (5)
- Ill-will (6)
- Conceal essentially half-mad sheik (4)
- Material in which Hamlet will not normally be dressed (5)
- This science can be said to deal with many roots (9)



- Where those who row are seen in crafty surroundings (put rather ponderously, perhaps) (9)
- If this animal stands on his head, he provides a marriage portion (3)
- This girl, closely associated with some music of the past, dances in the east (6)
- Row that is a manifestation of unruly anger (5)
- Turn inside out, so to speak (5)
- In a certain transaction, the difference between cost and selling prices (4)

Solution of No. 1,297

K	Y	B	X	W	A	A	C	C	E	D	E
A	U	L	A	U	L	N	A	F	L	A	N
F	A	I	N	T	L	O	R	I	A	N	T
F	S	M	T	D	E	S	I	G	N	E	R
I	M	P	I	N	G	E	B	G	R	E	Y
R	I	P	P	E	R	B	O	A	R	D	S
A	L	E	P	P	O	R	U	Z	X	W	A
L	E	R	E	E	P	A	R	O	T	I	D
L	E	A	R	N	I	N	G	G	I	N	V
E	G	R	E	T	C	C	P	E	N	C	E
G	I	E	R	H	A	I	R	N	E	A	R
E	S	T	E	E	M	D	L	E	A	A	B

NOTES

Across: 1. Pantry; 26. Vestry; 41. Hereby.
Down: 4. Vlei; 34. Howe.
Key-word: Exultancy.

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